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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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ELMER OLESON BURNED TO DEATH NEAR CROSBY.

The Terrible Accident Happened at About Midnight Saturday.

BODY BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

Oleson was Asleep at the Time the Fire Broke Out—Friends Could Not Rescue Him—Coroner Makes Investigation.

Elmer Oleson, a Swedish wood chopper aged about 35 years, met with a terrible fate last Saturday night in a house near Crosby, which was destroyed by fire. The building was entirely consumed and his terribly charred remains were only recovered from the ashes after they had sufficiently cooled to allow men to go into them.

About twenty minutes after twelve Saturday night Samuel Hendrickson, manager of the Heinemann Chemical Works saw that there was a fire south of the village and, in company with several men who were working about the factory started for the fire. As they neared the flames they found that it was a one and a half story building, at the foot of the old tram road, used to get stone off the side hill, occupied by Anthony Oakes and Elmer Oleson. When they reached the place they found that Oakes had escaped from the second story through a window, and that Oleson was still in the building on the first floor.

The fire had a terrible start by this time, but the men made a desperate effort to enter the building and rescue Oleson. Aaron Acre broke in the front door but the flames drove him back before he could get inside. Another man went to the rear of the building and tried to get in through a window but he was unable to gain an entrance. In the meantime the rest of the men present were making a desperate effort to get the fire under control, but as all the water they had, had to be carried in buckets their efforts were hopeless and all they could do was wait until all had burned and the body could be rescued.

Owing to the circumstances the people of Crosby thought it was a case for the coroner and on Sunday morning Coroner E. R. Sherman of Bradford was notified of the fatality and was requested to come to Crosby and make an investigation. The corner complied with the request and upon arriving at that place learned the particulars of the fatality from Anthony Oakes, a Norwegian, who lived with the unfortunate man, and Andrew Bond who was their guest during the evening.

Oakes stated that on Saturday night, Bond came in to make them a visit and that they had some whiskey and beer. When bed time came Bond agreed to stay all night with them. They all laid down on a bunk in a back room on the first floor, but, as it was somewhat crowded, he, Oakes, took a blanket and went up on the second floor to sleep. This was about 10 o'clock and about midnight he was awakened by Oleson calling for help to find that the lower part of the building was on fire and had such a start that he could not reach his companion, but managed to escape by jumping through a second story window.

Andy Bond stated that he came to see Tony Oakes and Elmer Oleson on their invitation in the evening, and that they had a few drinks and visited until about 9:30 when they all went to bed. Tony complained because Elmer would not take off his clothes and went up stairs to spend the night. Later he decided to go home and did so, leaving Oleson alone. He was not visibly intoxicated as George Howard and another man, who met him on the road stated. He did not know of any quarrel between Tony and Elmer.

Oleson's body was so badly burned that it would have been almost impossible to identify it as a human being, and this fact together with the statements made by Oakes and Bond removed any chance there might have been to show that he had met death through foul play and the coroner decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

The only reason, so far as we have been able to learn, for suspecting foul play is the fact that Oakes is not considered exactly properly balanced and this is the third similar death he has been connected with. About fifteen or eighteen years ago he killed a man in a shanty with an ax near Turtle Point and for this crime he served a long term in the penitentiary. About four years ago he was the last man seen in company with William Maxwell, who was [illegible] pot at East Smethport. However he was entirely innocent of Maxwell's death because at the coroner's inquest it was conclusively shown that Maxwell came to his death through exposure instead of violence.

Notwithstanding the fact that some of the people of that vicinity more or less suspected that a crime had been committed we are of the opinion that Olson's death was purely an accident and our opinion is shared by a majority of the people who know the facts.

Olson's remains were brought to the County Home and buried in the county cemetery. He had no relatives in this vicinity.

OIL NOTES.

Kennedy & Wood Get Duster—Other Operations of Local Interest.

Kennedy & Wood drilled their well on the Kane farm, Crystal hill, north of this borough, into the Bradford sand, Saturday. The well was a duster. It was decided to put the well down 75 feet farther in hope of finding oil or gas. It is expected that drilling will be finished up today.

The wells being put down by Heinlein & Co. and located about 350 feet northeast from the big well on their lease at Crystal hill on the County Farm, and the South Penn. Oil Co., on the lease adjoining the Heinlein holdings northwest of the big well, were expected to be drilled in yesterday, but owing to a spring going dry from which both wells receive their water supply, operations were suspended Tuesday. Hyatt, Nellis & Perry are doing the drilling on these wells.

The Test Oil Co. started drilling operations at their well on the Jones Farm opposite the County Home buildings on Monday.

The Smethport Co., which struck the large gas well near Hanoverton, Ohio, last week, has held a meeting and has decided to do more drilling on their holdings at once. The production of the well, which started off at 500,000 feet per day, is steadily increasing and is now doing a million feet per day.

PAVING OPERATIONS.

They Will Soon be Completed in this Borough.

The work of laying the Main street pavement is fast nearing completion. The three blocks on East Main street, where the pavers left off last year, are expected to be completed today and if the weather permits will be ready for traffic within the next ten days. The two blocks being laid on the West end of the street are also very nearly completed. The work of doing the remaining work on the job was started the early part of last week, and considering the set-backs which the contractors have encountered remarkably fast time has been made. When completed Smethport will have 13 blocks or over 260 rods of fine pavement on its Main street, which will be one of the finest in this section of the state.

Much grading and sidewalk building has already been done along the pavement and this always beautiful street is twice as attractive as before. The opposition which first arose to the project when started has diminished with the progress of the work, and all of Smethport is proud of its paved Main street, as well it might be. The work of the contractors has been satisfactory in every sense of the word.

Haley-Sharpe.

On Monday of last week, at Bradford, occurred the marriage of Mr. Harry E. Haley, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Haley of De Golia, formerly of Smethport, and Miss Ida Sharpe, of Clearfield, Pa.

The groom, who is a well known barber, had been a life-long resident of Smethport up to several months ago, and is justly popular here. For some time past he has been located in Bradford. He has followed his vocation in several surrounding towns and is well known and has made hosts of friends wherever he has been located. Mr. Haley is a fine young man. The announcement of his marriage comes as a pleasant surprise to his many friends.

The bride is said to be a charming young lady in every sense of the word, and is one of the popular young ladies of her home town. Mr. and Mrs. Haley intend to make Bradford their future home.

The MINER unites with a host of friends in extending congratulations to this happy young couple.

Increased Water Supply.

There will no danger of Smethport going dry during the coming summer as far as its water supply is concerned. The wells which the Water Company drilled last fall can be put into use at once in case of another dry spell this summer and will produce sufficient water to supply the demand. These wells which are located near the reservoir, were drilled by Joseph Wert. One of the wells was recently tested and [illegible]

Edinboro Normal has just closed one of the most successful year's work in her history. Send for catalog. John F. Bigler, Principal.

WILL BUILD.

Joseph Holder Lets Contract For New Building.

Jos Holder on Thursday let the contract for the erection of a new two-story brick block, to be erected on his property on Main street, to John Ivers & Co, of Bradford. Work on the structure will be started this week. The building will be two feet wider and five feet longer than the two adjoining buildings destroyed by the late fire, making the building 40x65 feet, Mr. Holder having purchased a two foot strip off the D. C. Young property on the left. The first floor will contain two store rooms and the entire second floor will be fitted up for lodge room purposes and will contain a large room which can be used as a dance hall. The basement will be nicely fitted up and will be well lighted and easily accessible so as to be suitable for restaurant or other purposes. The contract calls for the completion of the building by the first of October. This building will go quite a ways toward filling up the hole left by the late fire and will be a handsome addition to the attractiveness of Main street. It will undoubtedly make a good investment for Mr. Holder as it will perform a needed function.

The temporary building occupied by Fred Hungiville's liquor store since the fire was moved onto the Rooney property, adjoining on the west yesterday. Mr. Hungiville will conduct his business here until the Holder building is completed when he will occupy one of its store rooms. Mr. Holder has several opportunities to rent the other room but as yet he has not leased it.

Thought to Have Been Infanticide.

Corner Sherman, of Bradford and District Attorney Guy B. Mayo, of this place, were called to Kane to investigate a case of supposed infanticide last Saturday.

It appears that about two weeks previous a young girl named Segred Larson had went to work as a domestic in the house of George Johnson, at East Kane. One week ago last Sunday the girl was ill, but on Monday morning she came down stairs from her room and started to attend to her duties as usual. The women in the house had their suspicions aroused, but did not strongly question the girl until Tuesday, when they found that she was in great distress. She then admitted that had given premature birth to a child on the preceding Sunday. The services of a physician were at once secured and on Wednesday the girl was removed to the hospital, where she now lies in a serious condition.

Last Friday the room occupied by the girl was searched and in a trunk was found the body of the infant, in a partial state of decomposition. The authorities believe they know a man who has been involved in the case and say that he has disappeard.

Coroner Sherman impanneled a jury Saturday and that body came to the conclusion that the child had been born dead at time of birth. The body of the child was so decomposed that it was impossible to hold an autopacy and Miss Larson was too ill to be questioned.

STATE TROOPERS COMING.

Smethport is now Sub-Station for Troop D. of Punxsutawney.

Smethport has been made a substation of Troop D. State Mounted Police of Punxsutawney. Captain Robinson of the Troop was in Smethport last week for the purpose of making arrangements for the cantonment of the men and the troopers were supposed to have arrived in this place Tuesday, but failed to do so owing to the men being called to McKees Rocks to quell the disturbance there.

It is not learned where the men will be quartered furthered than that arrangements have been made with E. W. Jones for the care of their horses. It is understood that the troop will consist of five or six men and will be under the command of Sergeant Larden.

It seems to be the impression that the reason for the quartering of the men in this vicinity is the fact that Smethport is located so near to the largest tracts of timber in the State, and that the men will be utilized in enforcing the game laws and doing other forestry work. This theory is further strengthened by the fact that a similar squad is to be also established at Emporium, the county seat of Cameron county, which is located near this tract. The troopers will probably arrive in Smethport within a few days.

Our Bargain Counter.

Two 2d-hand Vertical Bar McCormick Mowers and one 2d-hand Deering for sale at bargain counter prices. Everything goes—at the Palmer Machine Agency—A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa. 15-3t

Get E. W[illegible] one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

A POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE —ARE MARRIED

Charles V. Scull and Ethel L. Andrews United Tuesday Evening.

IT WAS A PRETTY HOME WEDDING.

The Ceremony was Preformed by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke in Presence of About Fifty Guests —Honeymoon Trip—Will Reside in Smethport.

The home of William Andrews on Mechanic street, this borough, was the scene of a pretty wedding at 7 o'clock Tuesday evening, July 20, 1909, when Miss Ethel, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Andrews was united in marriage to Mr. Charles V. Scull of this place.

At the appointed hour the bride, accompanied by her elder sister, Miss Margaret, who acted as bridesmaid, and Miss Hazel Lemmler of Eldred, who acted as maid of honor, and Maxine Sasse, flower girl, marched down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs they were met by the groom and Mr. Edward Walker, who acted as best man, and marched to the parlor where they were united in marriage by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, who used the beautiful and impressive ring service of the Episcopal church.

Immediately after the happy couple were made one, the fifty or more guests present offered congratulations and a merry time was had until the nuptial luncheon was announced as ready. This luncheon was unusually sumptuous and was greatly enjoyed by the guests. While those in attendance were enjoying the luncheon, Mr. and Mrs. Scull, who had finished first, retired to their rooms and attired themselves for their wedding journey. As they came down stairs they were showered with rice and good wishes.

The new automobile of Sanford L. Fry was awaiting and Mr. Fry took them to Port Allegany where they took the flyer for Philadelphia and Atlantic City, where they will take a short honeymoon, after which they will return to Smethport and reside in one part of E. W. Workley's double house on King street.

The bride is a charming and popular member of Smethport's younger social circle, a member of St. Luke's church and choir, and has been employed in the store of Fry & Comes for two years past. Her wedding gown was made Princess of white messaline satin, and embroidered in white satin and gold. She carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas and maiden hair ferns. Her going away gown was of brown material.

The groom has been a resident of Smethport for the past ten years and has a host of friends here. He is a glass gatherer by trade and followed that vocation here for some time. Later he was a partner in the grocery firm of Andrews & Scull and has lately been employed in the dry goods store of Fry & Comes. He is a member of St. Luke's church and choir and both have a host of friends in Smethport and vicinity who unite with the MINER in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Palmer Glass Plant to be Sold.

The creditors of the Palmer Window Glass Company of Shinglehouse which filed its petition of bankruptcy in the federal court at Scranton, Pa., on May 3rd, with liabilities exceeding the $300-000 mark, held a meeting before Referee in Bankruptcy A. N. Crandall at Coudersport on Wednesday afternoon of last week. It was decided to sell the plant by items and as a whole, on August 25th.

Attorney F. D. Gallup attended the meeting in the interests of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., of this place, who with the Bank of Steuben of Hornell are the principal first mortgage creditors.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 17, 1909:

Bradley, Miss Cora
Hughil, R. C.
McKeerer, Andy
Milligan, Chester (2)
Peterson, F.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The Lock Haven State Normal School completed the most prosperous year in its history. The graduating class numbered [illegible] hundred and it was a fine [illegible] Schools. This Normal School is one of the best in the state. Write for a catalog.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Death of Mrs. Ann Caskey.

Mrs. Ann Caskey, widow of the late William Caskey, died at the home of her son, C. O. Caskey, at the head of Kent hollow, at 7 o'clock Tuesday evening, July 20, 1909, at the age of 69 years, the cause of her death being heart trouble, from which she has suffered for a number of years.

The subject of this sketch was born in Wyoming county, Pa., and when a young lady was united in marriage to William Caskey. Two children blessed this union one of whom is living, C. O. Caskey, the other son having died a good many years ago. Her early life was spent in the oil country with her husband and upwards of twenty-five years ago they moved to Smethport where they resided for several years when they purchased and moved onto the farm which her son now owns. Her husband preceded her into the Great Beyond several years ago.

Mrs. Caskey was a jolly, kind hearted and cheerful dispositioned woman who always raidiated sunshine about her. She was a true friend, a good neighbor, a woman who bore her troubles bravely and a woman who made firm friends of all who knew her. She considered it more blessed to give than receive and in her death the neighborhood in which she lived has lost one of nature's noblest works—a good woman and her son mourns the demise of a kind, loving and indulgent mother.

The funeral services will be held at the Coryville church this (Thursday) afternoon at 2 o'clock and her remains will be laid at rest in the Coryville cemetery.

Assaulted With Hammer.

Nick Marino, who is employed at the Tuna Valley Brick works at Lewis Run was the victim of a cowardly and murderous assault at the works at about noon Monday.

Marino was near the entrance to the plant and was engaged in registering, on the indicator, the time of his going to work when he was felled by a blow on the head with a heavy hammer. He was rendered unconscious. Another Italian workman was seen to strike him and then run away. Marino soon regained consciousness but was unable to understand why he had been attacked. He doesn't know yet.

The injured man was assisted to his home where a surgeon from Custer City dressed his injury which consisted of a bad scalp wound. Fortunately the skull was not fractured. Marino, Monday afternoon, caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of the man who had committed the assault. Constable Cline and Officer Blake went to Lewis Run and made a careful search of the place, but were unable to find the would-be assassin.

Marino is a young man and so far as known is a law abiding person.—Era.

James Quirk Injured.

James Quirk, the restaurant man, met with a painful accident last Saturday while riding a bicycle. He had been working on his farm in Irish Hollow during the day and when it came time to return to town at supper time he decided to make the trip on his son's wheel. Jim, who was not very strong on bicycle manipulation, managed to get stared after several minor falls and hit up a fast pace for home. Everything went nicely until he reached the turn of the road at the foot of the cemetery hill when the bicycle lost its bearings and Jim was precipitated from his mount with much force and landed in the road principally in the vicinity of his left eye. Mr. Quirk was quite badly bruised, while the side of his face and head was skinned and cut and one arm was quite badly wrenched. No bones were broken. Dr. Hamilon attended his injuries.

Bell Bros. of Olean, N. Y., Announce Their 45th Semi-Annual Clearance and Mill End Sale.

Mr. Bell has been down among the mills again. This time he has returned with more choice, seasonable short lengths than ever before—as a result, this "Mill End Sale" will be the most attractive of any former effort. They propose to distribute over $10,000 worth of these short lengths to the patrons of their Olean and Salamanca stores.

This great sale begins Saturday morning, July 24th, promptly at nine o'clock and concludes Saturday evening Aug. 7th at 10 o'clock.

Large 4-page sheets are now being distributed through the mail and by special delivery.

It is suggested that every one reading this notice, send Bell Bros. a post-card, signed, together with the names of their neighbors, to insure every one's receiving the particulars of this great Mill End Sale event.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This [illegible]

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

A FIGHTING JUDGE.

Judge Ormerod Took Quick and Proper Measures When Insulted.

President Judge John Ormerod of the Potter County Courts was grossly insulted on Main street yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon by John S. Eckert, a retired lumberman late of St. Marys, Pa., says the Coudersport Enterprise.

As a result Eckert received two well deserved punches in the face, which resounded for a square or more each way of the street and which he will not soon forget.

Eckert had concluded negotiations for the McLeod Hotel in Keating Summit and employed W. F. DuBois as his attorney to prepare his application for a licence and arrange the transfer. During the afternoon Judge Ormerod happened to be in Mr. DuBois' office when Eckert was there and by Mr. DuBois was introduced to Eckert as the prospective new landlord of the Keating Summit hostelry. Something was said about the necessary recommendation for an application when Judge Ormerod pleasantly told Eckert that if he would obtain a letter of recommendation from Ex-Judge H. A. Avery as to his qualifications and character he would be satisfied. Practically this was all that passed between the Judge and Eckert in Mr. DuBois' office.

Some few minutes afterward Judge Ormerod went to the fruit store of Mrs. Hannah Roff on Main street to make a purchase. While being waited on, Eckert came along with a friend and accosting the Judge began telling him that he expected to do a good business in Keating Summit and get along well to which the Judge replied pleasantly telling him that if he ran a clean, decent place and obeyed the law strictly he would get along all right but that if he failed in any way of these things he would be sure to have trouble. This was when Eckert offered his miserable insult. He took from his pocket a roll of bills and handing them to the Judge, said:

"Take this and put it in your pocket."

Judge Ormerod instantly appreciated the brutality of the man and quick as a flash administered two heavy slaps on Eckert's face, giving him to understand by both words and manner that he would teach him better than to undertake to bribe him. Eckert, of course, sneaked away like the cur he was.

Later when asked about the matter Judge Ormerod said he regretted the occurrence very much; that probably the conduct of Eckert was due to his ignorance, which perhaps, he should have considered at the time.

Of course, it is needless to say that Eckert will get no licence and that his deal for the hotel is off.

Eckert is a large, robust German, weighing considerably more than two hundred pounds and is in the very prime of life, being but thirty-six years old. But neither his size nor his age cut any figure with Judge Ormerod, who, though a much older man, is full of courage as well as action.

Trial By Telephone.

A Coudersport dispatch of the 18 inst. to the Bradford Era says: The telephone has been put to many uses, but for the first time in the history of Potter county it has been brought into play for the trial of legal cases the officer and prisoner being at one place on the line and the justice 20 miles away.

Game warden Conklin had found a Harrisburg man fishing on Lyman run, who had one undersize trout in his basket and promptly arrested him. From that wilderness to the nearest justice of the peace was 20 miles, and it was agreed to call up Justice Allen, at Galeton, and explain the situation. The justice is a sportsman himself and agreed to hear the case by wire. He told the defendant to take the receiver and the following conversation took place:

"Are you the defendant arrested by Game Warden Conklin for having an undersized trout in your possession?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty as to one trout, your honor."

"The sentence of this court is that you pay a fine of $10 with costs of $2 and stand committed until paid. Tell the warden to take the 'phone.

"Is that you, Conklin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the defendant paid the $10 fine and $2 costs?"

"Wait a minute, your honor."

After a pause, the warden said:

"He has settled."

"Tell him he is discharged," said the justice as he hung up the receiver, and the Harrisburger returned to his fishing, ending the first trial by wire in northern Pennsylvania.

The Carpenter-Morton Co., Boston, Mass., were the first paint concern to offer varnish stains to housekeepers. [illegible] the asking.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

WIDOW JASON'S UNRULY HOGS.

The Way the Trouble Between the Neighbors Was Settled.

By PAUL CAREW.

Widow Jason was the relict of Farmer Jason, and she carried on the farm after his death with even more wisdom than he had shown himself possessed of. She was still on the brighter side of forty, fair to look upon and was at peace with all her neighbors until the one to the east of her sold out and a stranger moved in.

He was a man of middle age named Chisholm, and, being a widower, his sister managed the house for him. If the Widow Jason was one of those who wondered what sort of man he was, she was the first to find it out. Among her live stock that year were a dozen hogs, and it was the fault of her hired man that there were holes in the fence through which they made their way into the potato field of the new neighbor. She had just finished her breakfast one morning when Chisholm was announced. He had the courtesy to lift his hat and give his name, but he also had the bluntness to add:

"Madam, your infernal hogs have rooted up half an acre of potatoes for me, and if you can't [illegible] to keep them [illegible] I'll [illegible] them!"

She looked at Chisholm, saw that he was above the ordinary and felt that had she been introduced in the conventional way she would have been pleased to make his acquaintance. But his rude greeting angered her, and, being a woman with a mind of her own, she at once replied:

"I can pay for all the potatoes on your farm, and if you come here to threaten me, a defenseless woman who doesn't scare—"

"Well, you keep your hogs at home!"

"And you keep yourself in the same place!"

That was the first tilt. The fences were mended and the hogs were in despair when a high wind blew a gate open, and the drove spent the night in the same potato field. Next morning Chisholm drove two of them home and said to Widow Jason:

"Madam, these are dead hogs belonging to you in my field. Will you have them removed, or shall I bury them?"

"You killed them, did you?" she asked.

"I did. I said I would, and I did."

"Then I'll have the law on you. [illegible] ahead."

She went to [illegible] and she was [illegible] beaten. [illegible] and to give Mr. Chisholm credit [illegible] the [illegible] case in the [illegible] and even spoke highly of her as a neighbor. When she returned after the lawsuit she said to her hired man:

"Josh, if that man Chisholm comes on my land again I want you to throw him off!"

"Yes'm, I'll do it," replied the sturdy Josh.

It wasn't a fortnight before Chisholm came. He was on his way to the house when Josh headed him off and ordered him back. He refused to go, and Josh laid hold of him to do the throwing act, but found himself a licked man in about three minutes. While he sat on the ground with a handful of grass to his bleeding nose the victor passed on to the woman who had witnessed the fracas from the front steps. Lifting his hat, he said:

"Madam, those hogs of yours have been at it again—this time in my cornfield—and I've had to kill another."

"Have you dared to kill another of my hogs?" she demanded as her cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed.

"I have. Shall I bury him?"

"Sir, you are a scoundrel!"

"And you are a charming widow!"

She drove to town at once to see her lawyer. There was $10 in the case for him win or lose, and he advised her to sue. She sued and was beaten again. The defendant referred to her in the highest terms, but he also proved that her fences were out of repair. The lawyer saw $10 more in it, win or lose, and advised Josh to prosecute for assault and battery. Josh brought his swollen nose and black eye into court and was beaten by several lengths. He had provoked the encounter, and, if he had got the worst of it, the law couldn't help him.

It was a month before anything further happened. The fences around the hog lot were thoroughly repaired, and for four weeks the porkers had to make the best of their sad lot. Then Josh left the bars down one night, and as the widow was getting breakfast she heard the crack of a rifle. Half an hour later Mr. Chisholm appeared to say:

"Good morning, Mrs. Jason. Those wretched hogs of yours rooted up my garden last night, and this morning I killed another of them. If you want another lawsuit I'll drive you to town in my own buggy."

"And you—you've shot another?" she gasped.

"I have."

"Then I'd like to shoot you! You are the meanest man in the state of Ohio!"

"Yes'm," he replied, with a bow, as he turned away.

Widow Jason drove to town to consult her lawyer again. There was $10 in it for him, win or lose, but this time Mr. Chisholm was arrested for malicious persecution. In his testimony he referred to the plaintiff as "that lady" and exhibited no animus whatever, but he also proved that he was the one persecuted. The widow's hogs would not let him alone. She was beaten again, and this time a stout pen was built, and the hogs were shut up. The farmers had of course taken sides. Some contended that Chisholm had exhibited a mean and unneighborly spirit and others that the widow had been derelict in not mending her fences, and there were much talk and discussion. It occurred now and then that the two principals met on the highway or at the crossroads meeting house, but while Chisholm lifted his hat and bowed as if there was nothing on his mind the widow, except for her blazing eyes, seemed carved of stone.

That pen held the hogs for a long six weeks, but hogpens have their weak points, and patience and perseverance will seek them out. The hot sun warped a board and made an opening, and the industrious swine enlarged it until one night they all passed out and headed straight for the next farm. They fetched up among the cabbages, pumpkins, squashes, melons and carrots, and during the long hours of darkness they ran riot. They were missed from the pen early next morning, and the widow sat down on the doorstep and cried. She cried because she was vexed, and she cried because she was a woman. Every minute she expected to hear the crack of Chisholm's rifle, and she fully realized that any further appeal to the law would be wasted. She was vexed at the hogs, at Josh and at Chisholm. Her tears were still falling when the new neighbor stood before her and bowed and said:

"Mrs. Jason, those blamed hogs of yours damaged me a hundred dollars' worth last night."

"And how many more have you killed?" she asked.

"None. I've just driven 'em home."

"But why—why?"

"Because I see how it is. I must either kill off your whole drove or build a pen myself. I shall come over tonight to talk to you about it."

He appeared an hour after supper, and it was 11 o'clock before he went home. Even then the "talk" was not finished. As a matter of fact, it required a great many evenings and was only concluded one winter's night when she laid her head on his shoulder and said:

"If you are really sure that you love me, then the farm, the hogs and I are yours."

AFTER MOVING.

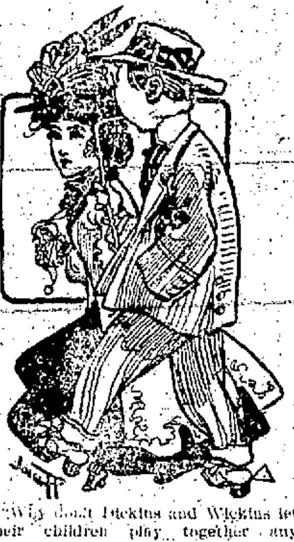
Well, here we are—moved at last!
A house this time our shelter is.
Steam-heated flats are of the past,
And we are done with terraces.
I hoped that she'd be satisfied
At least until the early fall,
But now she finds, however tried,
Our rugs won't fit the floors at all.

She likes the house and calls it cute.
The parlor color scheme is blue.
Our tapestries, she says, won't suit,
It's up to me to purchase new.
With lighter hangings, it is plain,
Our chairs must reupholstered be.
Our mantel needs a coat of stain
Of something like mahogany.

The curtain fixtures are too small,
And very few of them will fit.
And there is a reception hall;
I'll have to buy a rug or two.
She's got to have a new settee,
For bedrooms, too, some wicker chairs,
And she has made it plain to me
We must have carpet on the stairs.

Our china cabinet looks cheap
In such a handsome dining room;
It's headed for the rubbish heap
And I for sure financial gloom.
But there's one ray of comfort still,
Not all we own is ancient stuff.
One thing we have that fits the bill—
Our kitchen table's good enough.
—Detroit Free Press.

Strife of Intellects.



"Why don't Dickins and Wickins let their children play together any more?"

"They both think they have the smartest children on earth, and the two families are accusing each other of plagiarism."

More Than One Way.

The caller, a man whom he had known in the old town back in Pennsylvania, had dropped in to talk old times with the busy lawyer, and the lawyer had endured it patiently for an hour and a half. Then, unseen by the caller, he pushed a small knob at the end of his desk and a bell rang in the adjoining room.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Hockensplutter," he said, stepping into the other room and proceeding to hold his one sided conversation over an imaginary telephone.

"Hello!"

"——— ——— ———."

"Yes."

"——— ——— ———?"

"No, Bertha, I'll not have time to go home for dinner. It's already 4:30, and I have several hours' work yet to do. I am very busy and have been detained."

"——— ——— ———."

"Yes. Goodby."

Then he went back to his desk, but Mr. Hockensplutter had already risen to go.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Wise.

"Will you take a chance on kissing a pretty girl?" asked the young lady with the raffle tickets at the church fair. The crusty and confirmed bachelor held up his hands in horror. "What, he?" he gasped. "No, indeed. I don't take any such chances as those. Chap took a chance like that one time, and six months later he married the young lady."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT,

And a Pair of Loving Hearts to Enjoy Them All.

By NELLE B. RANSOM.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Dorothy Allen sat on the broad, white pillared porch watching the road that wound between the trees to the village. She had watched the road a great deal during the last few days, at first with happy anticipation, but now with helpless longing.

It was bad enough in the daytime, but it was worse when it grew too dark to see who was coming along the road, for then the footsteps grew louder and louder until she was certain that they were going to turn toward the white pillared porch, only to die away again, leaving her sick with fresh disappointment.

On the previous Sunday evening the vague, beautiful something which had enveloped the whole summer, making it different from any other summer of Dorothy's life, had suddenly taken definite form. A look, a touch, a word or two, and she had found herself without a doubt that John Porter loved her and that she loved him, but he had gone away without any open declaration, and, though Dorothy had watched the road till her eyes ached, he had not returned.

"I might have known it," she said to herself disconsolately. "He is too proud and independent to ask the daughter of a rich man to marry him. Now that his work on the new electric road is finished he will go away, and I shall never see him again."

Dorothy's neighbor, twelve-year-old Gladys, came skipping across the lawn, a very perky pink bow tied in her yellow tresses. She perched herself on the broad arm of Dorothy's chair.

"I've been reading such a lovely story!" she exclaimed.

"What was it about?" queried Dorothy, with languid interest.

"Oh, it was about a brave knight in shining armor," said Gladys, "and he loved a fair and noble lady who loved him in return. But she had gold and jewels and all that sort of thing, you know, and he hadn't a thing but his charger and his good sword, and so he would never, never ask her to marry him."

"Well," asked Dorothy as Gladys paused for breath, "what happened then?"

"Oh," replied Gladys, "there was nothing for the knight to do but to ride away to the wars, and the princess just sat in her tower and pined and pined till she died. Oh, it was perfectly lovely—so sad and sweet!"

"It seems to me," said Dorothy, almost crossly, "that it would have been much more sensible for the knight to stay and marry the lady instead of leaving her to pine and die."

"Why," cried Gladys in disgust, "that would have spoiled the whole story."

She jumped from her perch and was dancing down the steps, but turned to call back:

"Oh, say, that Mr. Porter has gone away, hasn't he? I saw him at the station Monday with a suit case in his hand. Aren't his eyes just too handsome for anything? I'm sorry he has left, aren't you?"

Then, having unwittingly destroyed Dorothy's last vestige of hope, Gladys cheerfully departed.

A gray haired man with a keen but kindly face came and stood in the doorway behind Dorothy, noting with an anxious look her drooping figure. He moved uneasily once or twice and then came out to where she was sitting.

"You ought to be playing golf this fine weather," he suggested.

"I'm rather tired of golf, father," replied Dorothy.

Mr. Allen took a turn up and down the porch.

"Has that young Porter left? I haven't seen him for several days," he asked, with a carefully careless air.

"I really don't know. Probably he has," replied the girl, sitting very straight and assuming an air even more carefully careless than that of her father.

Mr. Allen after a few more turns and anxious sidelong glances betook himself again to the house. Since the death of Dorothy's mother ten years before the bond of sympathy and understanding between him and his only child had grown unusually strong, but here was a situation which he felt in nowise competent to handle.

Left to herself, Dorothy's sprightly indifference suddenly vanished. Her hands fell listlessly into her lap, and she leaned her head wearily against the back of her chair. So he had gone without even coming to say goodby! Well, there was no use watching the road any longer.

"It's just like Gladys' story," she sighed. "The knight has gone to fight his battles, leaving the poor princess in the castle to pine alone, only, being a twentieth century princess instead of a mediaeval one, I'm afraid I can't die of love. Girls never die nowadays. I suppose that's one of the modern improvements," she continued whimsically.

An endless procession of dreary years seemed to stretch out before her. She shut her eyes, and two large tears glistened on the long dark lashes.

Some one was coming across the lawn, but the footsteps made no sound on the thick turf. When they began to ascend the steps Dorothy opened her eyes with a start, and John Porter stood before her.

There was a wonderfully tender light in his eyes and a determined expression about his mouth. How handsome he looked! How tall and strong he was! Dorothy caught her breath.

"I thought you had gone away," she managed to say.

"Only down to the junction to meet the chief engineer. He wanted to talk over my next job with me. It's a little bigger than anything I've ever undertaken before. But you didn't think I'd go without seeing you again, did you, Dorothy, after Sunday night?"

"I didn't know," murmured Dorothy, her eyes on the big buckles of her colonial slippers.

John Porter seated himself on the porch rail and looked straight at Dorothy's face.

"Dorothy," he said, "I know it's the general opinion that a man has no right to ask a girl with a rich father to marry him until he can provide for her the things she has been accustomed to having, but it seems to me that if a girl really cared for a man she could be happy with him even if she had to do without some of the things she'd been used to."

"I wonder," thought Dorothy, "if it can be possible that the hero has modern improvements too."

But she kept her eyes on the big silver buckles, and John Porter continued speaking with deliberate conviction. "And that is why I dare to tell you that you can afford to give up some of the things that money can buy and come and share with me the things that can't be bought. Will you come, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, meeting his look squarely at last, "I will come."

Half an hour later they remembered Dorothy's father.

"He will never allow you to marry me," cried John Porter, "a common builder of roads!"

"A rising young engineer," corrected Dorothy. "Come on. I'll manage papa."

"Papa," she announced, pushing aside the portiere with one hand and drawing her lover after her with the other, "I'm going to marry Mr. Porter."

Mr. Allen roused himself from the depth of a leather chair where he had been taking an afternoon nap, started a little at the sight of the young man and looked quizzically at his daughter.

"Your prospects for doing so certainly look a little brighter than they have for the past few days," he remarked. "Where have you been keeping yourself, Mr. Porter? Dorothy and I had about concluded that you were too busy 'doing things' to give us any attention. But, if Dorothy has made up her mind to marry you, you may as well submit first as last. Do you think you can support her?"

"Not in the style to which she has been accustomed," said John Porter. "But she is willing to dispense with luxuries."

"When I married Dorothy's mother," said Mr. Allen, "she had a little money, which I invested, and after her death I put the investment in Dorothy's name without saying anything to her about it. It's really surprising how that little sum has grown. The income from it is now quite considerable." He named a sum more than twice John Porter's salary. "I should think this, added to your present income, might provide for love in a cottage."

"With all the modern improvements!" said Dorothy softly, with shining eyes.

Quite Warm.

"I understand there was a hot time in the Bings' home the other day."

"Yes. When he went home he found his wife simply boiling, and she gave him a roast."—Baltimore American.

Praise a fine day at night.—Irish Proverb.

Lectured by Carlyle.

There are some amusing memories at Kyleakin, in Skye, of a visit once made there by Carlyle, traveling in the train of Lady Ashburton. The Kyleakinses felt a lively curiosity concerning the distinguished author, and whenever he appeared in public he was surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, women and children who had heard sensational reports concerning his "cleverness as a scholar." Carlyle seemed to like this hero worship until these admirers clustered round him while he was in the midst of his sea bath one day. Then he assailed them in language much more emphatic than elegant, which soon made them take to their heels and scamper off with all speed out of his sight. Lady Ashburton had prayers with her daughter and servants morning and evening, but the sage was never present. During these periods, Neil MacInnes, the innkeeper, used to relate, "he would lead me to the coffee room and there, laying hold of me by the coat buttonhole, he would lecture to me for half an hour on end on all sorts of subjects, and he would be so intent on it that he wouldn't allow me to put in a word. Fancy," said Neil, "that I should be lectured to in such a way by Tommy Carlyle!"—London Standard.

Ant Hills and Flies.

A recent traveler in central Africa describes an interesting use of the soil of ant hills. It appears that it makes excellent bricks, of which houses are built. The natives tread it with water into a doughlike substance, which is shaped in rough wooden molds. It is then dried in the sun and afterward baked in native kilns. The same substance is found to make excellent tennis courts. It is mixed with water into a thick paste, spread on the ground and smoothed over with the hands. The same traveler tells us how the natives in the neighborhood of Lake Nyassa esteem a species of fly as an excellent article of diet. It is known as the "kungu" and appears to be peculiar to the lake. At certain seasons of the year these flies appear in enormous numbers and are sometimes blown in myriads over the land. If this happens near a village the natives come out eagerly to gather them up. They bake them into what they consider a delicious confection.—London Standard.

A New City a Thousand Years Old.

Budapest, whose front is circled with lights like a crown, whose hills rise dark and feathery above the river, whose parliament buildings run along the bank and are second to none but Westminster, Budapest, bright, bustling, gay, beautiful, modern and rich, ardent and extravagant, whose built [illegible] amalgamating blender of peoples, is the product of only a few decades, and yet at its last exposition it celebrated its thousandth birthday. Pest, to the right of the river, for the [illegible] [illegible] dates back to [illegible], and Buda was the [illegible] of the [illegible] the opposite hill [illegible] [illegible] with green [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] must [illegible] and the Buda [illegible] its stead.—Marie Van Vorst in Harper's Magazine.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 22, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The contract for erecting the new high school building at Cuba, N. Y., has been awarded to the Tuna Mfg. Co. of Bradford. It is to cost $27,752.

—The Thompson House at Coudersport was practically destroyed by fire Saturday night. The fire started in the attic and its origin is a mystery. The loss was about $5,000.

—The Dora Lytle farm of 110 acres, located 3 miles from Angelica, N. Y., was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, to Arthur Beckwith of Clarksville, N. Y., who gets immediate possession.

—John P. Herrick, editor of the Bolivar Breeze, left last week for Seattle to attend the annual convention of the National Editorial Association being held in that city this week. Mr. Herrick is member of the New York delegation.

—A company of Coudersport parties have secured the entire output of the Cyclone Vacuum Cleaner works of Bradford which manufactures hand and power vacuum cleaners, and which turns out from 50 to 75 machines per day. The Coudersport company will act as the exclusive agents for the Bradford company in the United States and Canada and will do some exporting.

—The Eldred Eagle says that Michael McAuliffe of Sartwell has made a formal demand upon A. E. Sloan, who was acting clerk at the Eldred bank during its last semblance of business, and proposes to follow it up, if not paid, with criminal procedure. Mr. McAuliffe made a deposit but a few hours before the bank closed, Friday, November 20. This case will be watched with interest.

—The saw mill of M. W. Wagner located on the Wagner farm, at Limestone was destroyed by fire Saturday night. Although strenuous efforts were made to combat the flames, the mill with [illegible] at $12,000. The fire started in the storage room of the mill and was of unknown origin. There was some insurance on the property, but not enough to cover the losses.

The French Academy.

The French academy is one of the five academies and the most eminent constituting the Institute of France. It was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu and reorganized in 1816. It is composed of forty members, the new member elected by the remaining thirty-nine members for life after personal application and the submission of the nomination to the head of the state. It meets twice weekly and is "the highest authority on everything pertaining to the niceties of the French language—to grammar, rhetoric and poetry and the publication of the French classics." The chief officer is the secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. A chair in the academy is the highest ambition of most literary Frenchmen.

Why Men's Hats Have a Bow.

A bow is always to be found on the left side of a man's hat. This is a survival of the old days when hats were costly articles. In order to provide against the hat being blown away in stormy weather a cord or ribbon was fastened around the crown, with ends hanging so that they could be fastened to part of the attire or could be grasped by the hand. The ends fell on the left side, of course, as the left hand is more often disengaged than the right. When not required it was usual for the ends to be tied in a bow. The bow became smaller and smaller, but it still remains and is likely to do so as long as men wear hats.

Transparent Rhubarb.

To be made day before using.—Cut rhubarb into pieces one-half inch long. Spread on plates and sprinkle with sugar, allowing one-half cupful of sugar to each cupful of fruit. Let all stand overnight. In the morning pour off the juice and boil for ten minutes, drop in the rhubarb, a small portion at a time and cook until tender. Remove from the sirup as soon as done to preserve shape. Put in a glass dish.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always result in weak back, [illegible] pains, rheumatism, and [illegible]. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. O. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Old Manx "Banknotes."

Speaking of the curious Manx banking lore of the past, the Liverpool Post says that a singular state of affairs was exhibited in "the island" at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Trade was brisk, money was more freely ventured, and all sorts of private persons began to issue notes. There was no occasion whatever to have sterling against them. All you had to do was to get some one to take them and pass them on. The fashion grew till even the humbler traders issued card "promises to pay," the values most in circulation being 5 shillings, a shilling and even sixpence. Once an advocate from Castletown went to Peel to collect a judgment of £350 from the coroner of Glenfaba. This worthy paid him 2,704 card notes, many of them worthless. They took several hours to examine and count, and their transport was an item of extreme difficulty. Finally they were put into a big sack, half shaken to one end and half to the other, and the whole slung over the back of a horse. The lather of the horse, soaking through, spoiled nearly half the cards!

Clearing the Atmosphere.

In his capacity of dramatic critic Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the author, wrote a notice of the play of "Charles I.," in which Irving played under the management of Mr. Bateman. His production deeply incensed the manager. In order perhaps to find the opportunity of informing the critic of his disapproval, the manager invited him to a supper at the Westminster club on the second or third night of the production. When he thought the fitting moment had arrived Mr. Bateman led the conversation to the point at issue and, emphatically banging the table with his fist, declared in the loudest of tones that he did not produce his plays at the Lyceum theater to please Mr. Comyns Carr. There was a moment's awkward silence, which Mr. Carr confesses he did not feel quite able to break, but which was released by a wit of the company with the happy retort, "Well, dear boy, then you can't be surprised if they don't please him."

Sight Lost and Restored.

A farmer's wife who had had much trouble with her servants was accosted by one of them.

"I fear I shall not be able to work much longer. I think I am going blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes, but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner."

The farmer's wife understood, and the next day the servants were served with very large and very thin pieces of meat.

"How nice!" the girl exclaimed. "My sight has come back. I can see better than ever."

"How is that, Bella?" asked the mistress.

"Why, at this moment," replied Bella. "I can see the plate through the meat."—London Scraps.

His Passport.

On one occasion Gustave Dore, the artist, lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. At Lucerne he asked to be allowed to speak to the mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustave Dore, and I believe you," said the mayor; "but," and he produced a piece of paper and a pencil, "you can easily prove it."

Dore looked around him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he reproduced the homely scene and, appending his name to the sketch, presented it to the mayor.

"Your passport is all right," remarked the official, "but you must allow me to keep it and to offer you in return one of the ord'nary form."

Brutal Indifference.

"It seems since his marriage Jack Thornley has developed into a perfect brute."

"You surprise me! What has he done?"

"Why, the other night while his wife was regaling him with all the particulars of that choice Vertfast scandal she noticed that he seemed very quiet. And what do you think! He was sound asleep!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nearing the Limit.

An old lady was going down in the cage in a Cornish mine. She looked with apprehension at the rope, and asked the miner anxiously: "My man, are you sure this rope is quite safe?" "Well, mum," was the cheerful answer, "these ropes is guaranteed to last exactly six months, and this ain't due to be renewed till tomorrow."—Birmingham Mail.

The Real Trouble.

"I'm afraid," said the lady to a diminutive applicant, "that you are too small to act as nursemaid to my children."

"Oh, I'm not too small," replied the applicant. "I guess the trouble is your children are too large."—Chicago News.

The Press Agent Proposes.

"Your pulchritude is peerless. You are an astounding aggregation of feminine faultlessness. Be mine!"

"Sure!" responded the girl. "I never could resist that press agent language."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Return of the Prodigal.

"Who's that a-hollerin' down yander in the branch?"

"That's the prodigal son. The ol' man's a-wallin' thunder out o' him fer runnin' away!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Two Coats.

Think you that he would coatless go,
The jaunty summer man?
Be certain that it is not so;
He wants a coat—of tan.
—Kansas City Times.

As Amended.

His Wife—Charity covers a multitude of sins, they say.

Her Husband—Yes; it certainly does, especially when it begins at home.—Los Angeles Times.

Choosing a Builder.

The selection of a builder is quite as important a matter in putting up a house as the choice of an architect. Don't choose the cheapest builder merely because he is cheapest. If you accept his bid, find out the reason of the cheapness. Frequently the builder is a man of little means, and often he operates on borrowed capital. Should the builder become bankrupt or fail to pay for his labor or materials the owner, under the mechanics' laws of most states, becomes liable for the builder's debts. This is true even though the owner has paid the builder for his work. In order to obtain his house free and clear in such a case the owner must meet the builder's obligations. The prudent owner will, of course, pay for his house only as it is constructed. Even then it would be a useful caution to make sure that the builder has paid his indebtedness on the house. Payments are usually made the builder when the foundations are done, when the frame is up, when the house is closed, when the plastering is finished and when the completed house is turned over to the owner.—Circle Magazine.

Ancient Castle, Curious Clock.

Rushen castle, Castletown, Isle of Man, is the ancient seat of the kings and lords of Man. The castle is a veritable curiosity both historically and otherwise. The first mention of it dates to the year 1257. It was taken after six months' siege in the year 1313 by Robert the Bruce. The castle is built of limestone and is not a ruin. Until a few years ago it was used as a prison. The town clock seen in the castle wall was presented by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1597. It has only one hand on the dial. This is the hour hand. The minutes are judged by the position of the hand between the hours. The works of this clock are also a curiosity. The weight at the end of the pendulum is a large stone, and it is driven by a rope coiled around a cylinder of wood, with another stone at the end of the rope. The clock is still going after its centuries of service and is still the town clock.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Where She Got the Money.

They were at the circus. The conversation ran to the subject of how they had financed their admission ticket projects. One said she had gathered rags and sold them. Another had helped her brother spade a garden. The third member of the party presented a sickly grin and seemed reluctant about explaining where her half dollar came from. An explanation seemed absolutely necessary.

"Lizzie, whah yo' git dat half dollah yo' dipped up to de ticket man?"

"Nevah yo' mind. Yo' all saw me pay de man, didn't yo'?"

"Sho, but we did, but dat ain' no exp'nation."

"Well, I got de money all right."

"Sho' nuf yo' did. Sho' nuf yo' did."

"Yes, an' ef I doan' git a half dollah somewhah an' git my ole man's Sabbath shoes from dat pawnshop befo' Satahday evenin' I'm a divo'ced woman, dat's all."—Indianapolis News.

East Indian Muslin Test.

A Madras physician was buying muslin for a turban in a department store.

"None of this is fine enough," he said. "In the turban I have on there are forty yards. But forty yards of this would give me a head like a Saratoga trunk.

"Indian muslin is very, very fine. It must be fine enough to disappear if it is to pass our A1 test. The test is this: The muslin is spread on grass overnight. In the morning, when everything is dew drenched, if the muslin isn't practically identical with the dewy gossamer covering the lawns—in other words, if it isn't invisible—it is discarded and must be sold as 'seconds.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Good Time to Go.

General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the civil war he felt his coattails pulled. Turning about, he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment.

"Why are you not in your place fighting?" the general demanded angrily.

"Why, I just wanted to tell you that if you don't mind I will take my day off today!"

To Sleep Like a Top.

To "sleep like a top" has probably a very different origin from that which appears. "Top" is thought to be a corruption of the French taupe, or mole. This interpretation is far more in accordance with the idea usually conveyed—that of a prolonged, undisturbed sleep like that of a mole in winter rather than the short, enduring so called "sleep" of a top when it revolves on its axis with a gentle, humming sound.

Both Willing.

"He said he'd rather go to jail than pay his divorced wife alimony."

"Did she let him go?"

"Yes; she said she'd rather see him save his money behind the bars than spend it over them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Precocity.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekton.

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."—Exchange.

Hunger or Fame.

"It is a good thing to hunger for fame," remarked the struggling author.

"Yes," assented his friend the artist. "If you don't get the fame you are sure to get the hunger."—Chicago News.

Vienna's Imperial Pawnshop.

The imperial pawnshop in Vienna has twelve auction rooms, as all articles in them are sold which the owners cannot or do not wish to redeem. The charge for this is 5 per cent of the amount received.

There is no wisdom like frankness.—Beaconsfield.

The Bride's Introduction.

They had been married only two weeks and were going to spend the evening with friends. They were to meet friends of their friends there. It was expected that there would necessarily be a show of dignity when the bridegroom and the bride arrived. All of the company were there and sitting around looking their sweetest when the bridegroom and the bride arrived. A bride always makes dignity essential.

It happened that the bridegroom was the particular friend of the host. The latter had never met the bride. She was coming into an entirely new circle. It was expected when the Newlyweds arrived that Mr. Newlywed would stammer and blush when he introduced Mrs. Newlywed as his wife. Not so for this boy. He sauntered in preceded by the dignified bride. Everybody in the parlor bristled up. But it wasn't to be a bristling affair at all. Mr. Newlywed simply swept around, caught the host by the arm and led him before the bride.

"Dave, meet the old lady," he said.

Dignity exit. Everybody laughed and got acquainted in a hurry. The good natured introduction of the host to the bride loosened up the strings of social stress. The "old lady" found herself among friends.—Indianapolis News.

What's In a Name?

One summer a distinguished member of the French academy rented a cottage in Savoy, and when the time came for his return to Paris he went to say farewell to the owner of the cottage, a prosperous farmer's wife.

"I hope you will write your name in my album before you go," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied, and, taking a pen, he wrote his name in the book.

"Thanks," she said, "but won't you please tell me your profession, so that I can write it after your name?"

"Oh, put down 'landowner,'" he answered.

"But that isn't a profession," she said.

"Well, then, put down 'academician,'" was his answer.

This word seemed to puzzle her, and therefore he asked, with a smile, "Don't you know what an academician is?"

"Not quite," she answered, "but it's such a long word that the profession must be a splendid one."

A Japanese Legend.

One of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes from Japan. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, asks in the innocence of her heart whose was the pretty face smiling back at her. And when, laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening and you will see me. Do not grieve." So when the mother is dead the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman and never guessing it is but her own reflection she sees. And it is added by the old Japanese narrator that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of hers, "He thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dim with tears."

Sardou and a Statue.

Some months before his death Victorien Sardou, passing with a friend the Place de la Madeleine, pointing to the statue of Jules Simon, said: "There is nothing uglier than this good man in his frock coat. To erect this hideous monument a charming little fountain similar to the one we see on the other side of the place has been suppressed." And now it has been decided to erect the statue of Sardou on the spot occupied by the other fountain!—Cri de Paris.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries.

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Fine
TOBACCO
FRUIT
NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 22, 1909.

ONE of the bitterest strikes in the history of the State has been going on during the past week at McKee's Rocks. The strikers are Hungarian workmen of the American Pressed Steel Car Co., who are revolting against a spoils system to which they have been subjected by the company. Militia and Constabulary are doing duty at the scene of the strike.

AFTER several years of experimenting Glenn H. Curtiss, the aviator, has perfected an areoplane that will make the Wright brothers fight for their laurels. Mr. Curtiss made several remarkable flights this week near New York and demonstrated that he had a perfect machine. The greater part of his experiments were [illegible] port at [illegible] N. Y.

DON CARLOS, pretender to the throne of Spain, has figured most conspicuously in the public eye of late years not so much as the claimant of a throne as the father of four beautiful daughters with proclivities to do something sensational.

Blanche, the eldest, had difficulties with her husband Archduke Leopold Salvator.

Elvira, among other pranks, eloped with a married painter, Count Philip Folchi, repented and retired to a convent.

Beatrice, discarded by her husband, Prince Fabrazzio Massimo, sought death by leaping into the Tiber in evening dress, wearing costly jewels.

Alice eloped with her coachman, was divorced by her husband Prince Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg, and became a circus rider.

Don Jaime, the only son, who now becomes the pretender, has a world wide reputation as a gallant and high liver. He is 29 years old and unmarried.

AS USUAL at this time of year we will devote considerable of our space for the next few weeks, calling the attention of our readers to the McKean County Fair which will be held here in September. We would urge upon you to [illegible] this year [illegible] this fair. Farmers especially should realize [illegible] this project was [illegible] the [illegible] agricultural and stock [illegible] interests of McKean Co. The machinery necessary for the running of the business end of the Fair is in good shape. The grounds and buildings have been provided, substantially and permanently planned. The fine race track draws a large number of the best horsemen here each year, and this now famous Fair brings here each fall the [illegible] people in large numbers. The entry fees and privilege fees from these sources as well as gate receipts and the State appropriation provides the revenue to take care of the expenses of the Fair. Thus the business affairs of the association are well managed and the rest has to be left to the raisers of farm and dairy products and the stock growers of the county. It is on their interest in the Fair as shown by the exhibits they make as well as their attendance that the success of this Fair ultimately depends. Farmers do your share in supporting this worthy enterprise. Your efforts will be supported and approved by everyone who has an interest in the future welfare of this county.

Gum Oozing From Trees.

The following question, in regard to gum oozing from trees, was referred to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg: "I have cherry trees that have bunches of gum. Can you give me a remedy to rid the trees of the trouble?"

Answer.—The gum oozing from the bark of your trees may be from one of three or four causes. It may be

(1) Mechanical injury, in which case the best thing to do is to clean away the gum and paint the wound with melted grafting wax or bees wax, or even common house paint, and let Nature take care of it.

(2) A fungus disease called "gummosis," in which case severe pruning back of trees, cultivation, fertilization of soil and watering are about all that can be done, as the purpose should be to stimulate growth. This can not be reached by spraying, as it is beneath the bark.

(3) Bark Borers or Shot-hole Borers. These are the larvae of very minute beetles that make tunnels beneath the bark and are called "Engraver Beetles." When they mature they bore through the bark and leave holes about the size of those made by gun shot, or about the size of a pin's head. This is why they are called "Shot-hole Borers." They attack only trees that are declining. There is no way of reaching them in the sense of a remedy, but the best thing to do is to prune back the trees, cultivate the soil, and water abundantly and frequently with water containing a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda in each gallon of water. This is to stimulate growth, and often is successful.

(4) The fourth cause of gum is a larger kind of borer, such as is to be seen in peach and plum trees frequently. This can be killed by inserting a soft wire with a sharp point, or by cutting out with a sharp knife, slitting lengthwise rather than crosswise in the bark; or using the best possible remedy for borers, which consists of a liquid called carbon bisulfide, or bisulfide of carbon, put into a spring bottom oil can and injected into the holes they occupy. Close up these holes with mud or clay, and the pests will be killed at once and the tree not injured as it might be by cutting. This remedy is recommended for all borers.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.
16t1 MRS. CARRIE CLARK

The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly. They are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Splendidly Located
Dairy Farm With
Fine Buildings
For Sale Right.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 150 acres located 2 miles from Fillmore, N. Y., and two miles from Rossburg, N. Y., on R. F. D. and telephone line; land is rolling, well watered, new wire fences, two orchards, 75 acres cleared, balance in pasture and timber, some hemlock, beech and maple. Sugar bush of 400 trees. New 12-room house in fine repair, horse barn 28x48, nearly new; good cow barn 30x64 with basement and silo; new hen house 16x25. Water at house and barn. One mile from cheese factory, one-fourth mile to school, two miles to railroad station and good market. Possession within 30 days. Price $5,000. Terms $2,000 cash, balance on time to suit purchaser. Write or telephone

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Orphan's Court Sale.

ESTATE OF IRA A. WARDLE, DECEASED.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean County, the undersigned executor of said decedent will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 12th day of August, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, the following described messuages and tracts of land:

All those certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land situate lying and being in the township of [illegible] County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

1st. Beginning at a post in the northwesterly line of the right of way of the Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company where the same crosses what was once the west line of J. M. Robinson farm; Thence north 12. 5 rods to a post corner; Thence east 32 rods to a post corner; Thence south 10 rods to what was formerly the north line of J. M. Robinson farm; Thence east along said north line 16.5 rods to the right of way of the said railroad company; Thence southwesterly along the said right of way 42 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 22 75 acres of land, be the same more or less, and being the premises deeded to said Ira Wardle by two deeds; one dated May 27th, 18[illegible] and recorded in Deed Book "L2" page 574 from Joseph T. Hancock and wife, and the other dated June 12, 18[illegible] and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 111, page 205, from J. M. Robinson and wife.

Improved, and having thereon a two story frame house with wing attached, and a frame barn and usual out buildings, and well watered.

2nd. Beginning at a post the northwest corner of lands of Phoebe Housler; Thence north 8½ degrees east 25.3 rods to a post corner the southwest corner of lands sold by the said Ira Wardle to William Hoffmeister; Thence south 81½ degrees east 107 rods to a post corner; Thence south 3½ degrees west 27.1 rods to the northeast corner of lands now or formerly of Norman B. Wardle; Thence west along north line thereof 54 rods to a post corner. Thence south 3 degrees west along west line thereof 126.7 rods to the northeast corner of the said Phoebe Housler lot; Thence west along the north line thereof 45.2 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 105 acres of land, be the same more or less.

Excepting and reserving in accordance with the terms of the deed to the said Ira Wardle an undivided ½ part or royalty of all oil or petroleum and gas lying and being in or under the said tract of land. Being a part of the premises conveyed to the said Ira Wardle by Henry [illegible] by deed dated May 17, 1887, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 88, page 407, McKean County records.

Unimproved.

Terms of sale: One third of the purchase price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

NORMAN H. WARDLE, Executor.
SHERIDAN GORTON, Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levaria Facias, Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale at the premises of C. J. Peterson, in the township of Hamlin, McKean county, Pa., on

TUESDAY AUGUST 10th, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following piece of property:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, parts of warrants 2607 and 2601, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post and stones where the north line of Warrant 2602 is intersected by the east line of the Division street extension; thence north 0 degrees 25 minutes west along said road or street six hundred and ninety feet to a post; thence south 89 degrees 45 minutes east fifteen hundred feet (1500 ft) to a post; thence south 0 degrees 35 minutes east seven hundred and fifty eight feet (758 ft) to the said Warrant line; thence south 89 degrees 52 minutes west along said warrant line seven hundred and forty four (744 ft) to a post; thence north 3 degrees 45 minutes west sixty eight feet (68 ft) to a post; thence north 89 degrees 45 minutes west seven hundred and fifty six feet to the place of beginning. Containing 24.02 acres, more or less, together with a right of way twenty five feet in width extending from the eastern boundary of said described land, at its southern extremity, eastwardly, to a small creek or stream of water for the purpose of giving to the said party of the second part the use of said water for domestic purposes. This conveyance is made and accepted under and subject to all the rights, reservations and restrictions reserved in the deed of Elisha K. Kane and Zelia E. Kane, his wife, to the said R. H. Holmes, said deed bearing date of May 27th 1905, and being recorded in Deed Book Vol. 135 at page 232, records of McKean County, Pennsylvania. Being same land conveyed to Charley Peterson by Phebe A. Holmes and husband by Deed dated January 5th, 1909 and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 149 at page 287&c.

Partly improved and having thereon a frame house and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of C. J. Peterson, at the suit of Fred Johnson.

H. S. ROGERS, plaintiff's attorney.
WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., July 21, 1909.

GOING OUT OF THE
SHOE BUSINESS

All Ladies' and Children's Shoes now going at less than Cost.

Our entire $8000.00 stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords must be sold at once as we are obliged to vacate our store room in the Odd Fellows' Block in a very short time.

Buy now and save from 20 to 50 per cent. on every purchase.

All Rubber Boots now going at cost,

150 pairs Men's Terhune Shoes and Oxfords, were $3.50, 4.00 and 5.00, now ---------- $2.95	70 pairs Ladies' Oxfords and Shoes, were $3.00, 3.50 and 4.00, now ---------- 2.48 Pat. Tan or Vici.	Children's Buster Brown Shoes at big reductions. Men's and Boys' Slippers: everything goes.
Men's $3.50 and 4.00 Crossett Shoes, now ---------- 3.00	20 pairs Ladies' black, tan and smoke Suede Pumps and Ties $3.50 and 4.00, now ---------- 2.75	Oxfords for the girl at ---------- .89 Good ones.
All Men's $5.00, 6.00 and 7.00 Shoes now ---------- 4.00	Ladies' tan Oxfords were $3.50, [illegible] at ---------- 2.65	25c polish ---------- .19 10c " ---------- .07

Numerous others that our space does not allow us to mention.

We Must wind this up in 30 days. Come early, when you are sure you can get the right size. Everything goes.

The sale starts to-day,

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909

Don't miss it We always do it right

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
July 23, August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:58 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

Five-day excursion
from NEWTON
Saturday, July 24

$3.25 NIAGARA FALLS

Train leaves Newton 3:01 p. m.

GAS ENGINE OILS
WAVERLY
GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Absolute freedom from Carbon, leaves no deposit. thin in color—flows easily.
WAVERLY never smuts, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.
"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."
Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

The Lindhom Company

SILK PETTICOATS
BLACK and COLORS
A special value for this week
only, worth $6.00
at $4.98

HEATHERBLOOM
PETTICOATS
The kind you want
if you are particular
Special this week $2.00

The Lindholm Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Lesser's COW COMFORT
Increases the Milk Production

BRADFORD
COMBINATION PORCH
AND DIVAN OR COZY
CORNER SEATS FOR
THE HOUSE
AT $5.00 EACH

For sale
by
DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 22, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The work of making the repairs at the Court House is fast nearing completion.

—A new floor has been laid on the bridge spanning Marvin creek on Marvin street.

—Co. O of Bradford leaves that city today for camp at Somerset Pa. The company will go 56 strong.

—An electric fountain is to be built in the public square at Bradford for the Old Home Week celebration.

—Paul Quinlisk, of this borough, has secured a position at Jamestown N. Y., where he will spend the summer.

—The borough of Johnsonburg is advertising for bids on the proposition of paving the Main street of that place.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hoffman and Mrs. Senn, and three children are camping at the headwaters of Potato creek.

—A large number of persons from this borough spent Sunday at the various camps in the vicinity of Norwich township.

—Services at St. Luke's church Sunday, July 25. Morning Prayer at 10 a. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon at 8 p. m.

—Announcements will soon be made of the excursions to be run on the various railrords, during Fair Week here.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Comes, of Keating township were made happy Tuesday morning by the arrival at their home of a baby boy.

—A new concrete sidewalk is being laid in front of the Herzog property on East Main street. George Barber is doing the work.

—Mr and Mrs. Anson Burdick and Dr. and Mrs. F. O. Pierce have returned from a camping expedition on the headwaters of Potato creek.

—The cabin of S. F. Redfield and E. T. Newman at Frog Camp is completed. The work was done under the supervision of A. H. Kidder and it is certainly a beauty.

—At a recent meeting of the Bradford school board it was decided to hold one continuous session at the high school. The experiment will be watched with interest, as there seems to be a strong sentiment against the innovation.

—Miss Mary Choate entertained a number of young ladies at her home last evening in honor of Miss Marguerite Smart.

—The marriage of Mrs. Sarah Havens of Lewis Run and Frank Curtis of Smethport, took place at the office of Alderman Knapp, in Bradford Sunday.

—Last evening the Buffalo News contained a column of reading matter on the first page relating to the Old Home Week celebration in Bradford next month.

—The annual convention of the McKean County Sabbath School association was held Tuesday and Wednesday at the Presbyterian church at Port Allegany.

—R. R. Godding has received his commission as postmaster at Kane for a term of four years, from June 28, 1909. He expects to assume his official duties on or about August 1st.

—This section has been favored with some exceedingly cold nights and mornings during the past month. On Tuesday morning the thermometer nestled within two degrees of freezing.

—The Bradford Era states that Mrs. John Bahan is very seriously ill at her home, No. 19 School street. Mrs. Bahan has hosts of friends in this place who will wish for her speedy recovery.

—The William Mahon farm of 48 acres, located near Costello, Pa., was sold on Tuesday through the Herrick Agency to John Theigles of First Fork, Pa., who will take possession at once.

—Sylvanius Pierce, who for several years past been located in Independence, Kansas, is visiting his former home in East Smethport, for the summer. This is Mr. Pierce's first visit home in three years.

—Upwards of 200 members of the Mt. Jewett Sunday schools enjoyed a union picnic at Island park in this place yesterday. The picknickers came to Smethport on a special train and spent the day here.

—A new weekly paper has been established at Wellsboro. The new paper made its appearance under the title of the Gate Keeper. It is published by E. R. Mulford and F. S. Andrews. The former is the editor.

—St. Marys is said to be the largest single voting precinct in the United States. The borough is not divided into wards but all vote at one place. The assessor returned a registry list of 1,623 votes recently.

—James Foote, who has been employed as an instructor at the Bradford Business College for some time past, returned to Smethport on Monday. Mr. Foote expects to again enter upon the duties of school teaching next fall.

—G. M. Doner, a veteran of the Civil war, disappeared from his home in Allegany N. Y. on Sunday of last week and nothing has been heard from him since. His family and friends are much concerned over his absence.

—Rev. and Mrs. John Hammer stopped over night Tuesday in Smethport on their way to Mexico. The couple are traveling overland in a specially constructed wagon. They conducted services on the street Tuesday evening.

—Archie Malcom returned last week from a visit in Indiana. While on his visit Mr. Malcom purchased a handsome black Shetland pony and outfit for his children. The turnout has attracted much attention on account of its attractive appearance.

—The work of laying the concrete sidewalk intersections at the various corners along the Main street pavement has been started. These intersections are being built by the borough and Egan, Harriman & Raymer are doing the work.

—The Bradford Era made its appearance yesterday enlarged to a seven column quarto, with the general make-up of the paper changed and enlarged. The Era always was one of the biggest papers in this neck of woods and is now bigger and better than ever, if the latter could be possible.

—A meeting will be arranged for by the W. C. T. U., Wednesday, July 28, including a short program and exchange of ideas and experience. Light refreshments will be served. It is desired that all members be present. Visitors cordially welcomed. In the M. E. Chapel at the usual hour.

—John T. Smith and wife, superintendent and matron respectively of the Potter County Home have been notified by the board of Commissioners, that they must retire from the management of that institution and are given thirty days in which to do so. Mr. and Mrs. Burr L. VanDeBoe, of Shinglehouse, will succeed him.

—Do not fail to read the large advertisement in another column of today's MINER of the meet of the Lake Erie Trotting Circuit in Bradford, August 9-13 next. Some fast races are promised at this meet and as it comes on the week of the Old Home Week celebration in that city, it will behoove you to make arrangements to attend. Bradford races never disappoint.

—On last Friday evening Misses Clyta and Cora Abbey entertained in a delightful manner thirty-five at a variety shower, at their home on Bank street. This function was given in honor of Miss Ethel Andrews, who was united in marriage to Mr. Charles V. Scull on Tuesday; and Miss Esther Erhart, whose marriage to Sidney Burdick, is to occur next month.

—Emmett Quinlisk, who is employed at the Magnetic Toy factory, met with a slight but painful accident Monday. He was working around an emery wheel when another workman accidently collided with him. Mr. Quinlisk was sitting on a box at the time and was thrown against the rapidly revolving wheel, which inflicted a deep gash on his right leg near the knee.

—W. J. Kerr went to Illinois last week and witnessed the drilling in of a well Saturday which a company in which he is interested put down in that field. The well proved to be a duster, as there are two more sands beneath the one reached Saturday, it has been decided to drill the well deeper to test these. This Mr. Kerr's first losing venture in the new field. He will remain to witness the final outcome of the well.

—A number from this place patronized the excursion on the Shawmut, to Riverhurst and Rock City Sunday, and a large number from St. Mary's went. The day, as a whole, was stormy and disagreeable, one being ill-adapted for outing purposes. The St. Mary's band gave a concert at Rock City and the Bradford Italian band played at Riverhurst. The shooting of an oil well at Rock City was one of the features of the day.

—Rabbi L. Weiss, who for the past three years has been the pastor of Temple Beth Zion on South avenue, has resigned his pastorate. The resignation has been accepted by the official board, to become effective on September 1. Last month Rabbi Weiss was unanimously re-elected, but later decided to leave this field. He is now on his vacation trip. It is not yet known where his new charge will be.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Smethport has a fine lot of automobile owners and drivers who mind the speed laws and other restrictions and it is a pity to see some individual, who if he were to fall into his natural environments would be placed under long ears and upon four legs and would be switching flies with a tail on a Missouri stock farm, fall into the number. Putting the rights of a community at defiance is conductive to banqueting from a mantlepiece and sporting high color effects on the eyes.

—John Bahan of Bradford, field superintendent of the National Transit Co., has a force of men at work at the loading station on the Shawmut R. R. at the County Farm during the past week. This station was originally built to receive the production from the wells on the Heinlein lease, and a pipe line is now being run to the Jones farm, which will connect the wells at that point with the station for the purpose of handling their oil production also. The oil is loaded on to cars at the station for the purpose of delivering it to the Standard Oil Co.

—The engagement of Miss Esther Erhart, daughter of Mr. and Mr. M. Erhart of Colegrove, and Albert Sidney Burdick, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A Burdick, of the borough is announced. The bride-to-be is a talented young music teacher who has made this place her home for several years past, and Mr. Burdick is an accomplished musician, who is connected with music and insurance business of his father in this place. The marriage of this popular young couple will occur the forepart of next month.

Personal Mention.

Chas. Lemmler was in Port Allegany Friday.

J. W. Lee was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

M. C. Peters of Buffalo, is visiting friends in town.

John Dick, of Bradford, was a Smethport visitor Monday.

A. French of Crosby was in town Sunday calling on friends.

Miss Sallie Nixon of New Castle, Pa., is the guest of Miss Zola Brasted.

Miss Violet De Hass, of St. Mary's is the guest of Miss Edna Comes.

Miss Agnes Jones of New York City is the guest of her uncle, S. G. Bush.

Mr. and Mrs A. L. Colegrove and children of Olean are visiting in Smethport.

Miss Anna Burg returned to Mt. Jewett Tuesday after a short visit in town.

Miss Bertha Jackson, formerly a resident of this place, is visiting friends in town.

Misses Sylvia Lawrence and Miss Anna Burg passed Sunday with friends in Crosby.

Webb Hopper departed Monday for Hornell, N. Y., where he will visit his parents for a week.

Miss Rita Gorton left Tuesday for Port Allegany where she will visit friends for a week or so.

—A.W. Colegrove spent Sunday in Chipmonk, where Mrs. Colegrove and two children are visiting.

Miss Edith McGuire, who has spent the past several months in Florida, returned home last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rev L. Stark returned home last evening from a two weeks' wedding trip at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Agnes McIntyre and son, Francis, and Mr. Writz of Kane are the guests of Mr. and Mrs Geo. Gorrett.

John Hungerford, Ed. Hungerford and sons Donald and Frank, all of Bolivar were Smethport visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. McD. Watkins and Miss Lena Wright were the guests of Mr. and Mrs B. F. Wright, Sunday.

Miss Zola Brasted returned home Friday from Ridgway, where she has been the guest of friends for some time past.

Mrs. F. H. Dudley and Dr. Fred Williams of Dunkirk N. Y. were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Berg Chadwick during the past week.

Harriett Brown who has been the guest of Leanore Lemmler for the past three weeks left for her home in Williamsport Friday, accompanied by Miss Leanore.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Henderson, formerly of Smethport, but now of Indiana, Pa., arrived in this place last Thursday and are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Wm. Herzog on S. Mechanic street.

Hon. R. W. Hilton, President of the County Fair Association is in New York and Philadelphia this week. He will buy an automobile for the Fair and book its free attractions while away.

Rev. and Mrs. Halmerdz, and John Ottoson of Smethport and Joseph Anderson of Kasson were visitors in town over Sunday. They participated in the three day's services at the Swedish Mission church.—Port Allegany Argus.

If you are interested in a good school it will pay you to write to the Lock Haven Normal School for a copy of its handsome new catalog. In equipment faculty and in its social environment, it is an ideal school. The fall term begins September 6.

The Emory Mill Remnant Sale for the fifteenth time, opens at Bradner's, Olean's best store, Thursday August 5th at 9 a. m. This is the sale the women all wait for. Don't forget the date—August 5th, 1909. 2t

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new.—Holmes & Gilfillan.

WM. MONHEIMER.

It Is False
economy to buy cheap Shoes, when you can get here

Walk-Over Shoes
at $3.50 and $4. They are a "heap better" than other shoes at this price and will wear more than twice as long as any $2.50 or $3.00 shoes.

If you are not a WALK-OVER Shoe customer already you will be in the future if you buy a pair now.

$3.50 and $4 a pair
and worth it, too!

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

WHITE WAIST SALE

We offer this week choice of fifty white Lawn Waists at a saving that is worth your prompt attention.

There is a large variety of styles in lingerie and medium weight lawns; lace and embroidery trimmings; long and short sleeves; button back and front.

See them in the window.

Values up to $2.25 Sale price $1.25

FRY & COMES
Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY
are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING—
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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER
Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,
Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

Confectionery
One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

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LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS
FRESH EVERY DAY
AT
ANDORFER & LYLE'S

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Established in 1882. TWENTY-EIGHTH year will open Sept. 6 and 7. If judged by its facilities and its success you will surely be interested. The attendance is limited and the instruction is individual in every department. Call or write for tuition rates and particulars. 3,000 successful graduates for reference.

Solicitors and Drummers not required.

MRS. HAVE AND MRS. HAVENOT.

The Modest Little Home That Was Happy, Though Poor.

By AGNES DILLON.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Mrs. Lewis Adelbert Simms paused a moment as the automobile deposited her on the walk before a flat building that, to say the least, was battered, though pathetically respectable looking.

"Dear me!" she said faintly. Then she turned sharply on the imperturbable driver. "Do you mean to say," she asked rather fretfully, "that this is 225 Rosemere court?"

"The same," said the hired driver. "Two twenty-five, please."

As Mrs. Simms opened the elaborate gold mesh purse she carried she was conscious of a bewildered surprise. Of course she had known Carrie had not married wealth, but Carrie's letters in the years during which they had not seen each other had been so cheerful! How any woman could be cheerful living on this little side street was beyond Betty Simms.

Still bewildered, and holding her trailing skirts daintily, she entered the building, and another surprise met her. There was no elevator, and Mrs. Lewis Adelbert Simms was used to having elevators when she needed them. Apparently there was nothing to do but to climb, and to the fourth floor too! Each step added to her amazement.

It was impossible to picture Carrie as harassed by poverty. In their school days she had been one of the regal creatures, the mere sight of whom called up visions of ermine and old lace, of lackeys and gold coin. They had all been sure Carrie would marry a millionaire. When she did marry she wrote Betty Simms, who had indeed married a millionaire, much to every one's surprise, being a small, quiet, demure little creature of no apparent brilliance, one of her characteristic letters.

"Mother is furious," Carrie wrote cheerfully, "because Tom isn't rich. I can't make her see we shall be far too busy just being happy to have the mere matter of money count. As for that, some day Tom will be rich. He has the brains!"

And this was all Tom's brains had done for Carrie in six years! When she had written Carrie she would pass through her town and wanted to look her up the prompt reply and invitation to luncheon had not mentioned these three flights of stairs. Perhaps Carrie was so used to them she had not thought. Mrs. Simms pressed the button beside the door.

There was a clatter of feet down in the inside hall and a woman's voice in laughing protest, and the door opened to precipitate a small sized avalanche of small boy and barking, woolly dog almost into the astonished arms of the caller. Behind the avalanche stood Carrie.

"Betty, at last!" she cried. "Anthony, let the lady in! Take Sub away. We call the dog 'Substitute' because he's such a ridiculous imitation of a real hearty dog."

Mrs. Simms found herself drawn by her friend across the tiny hall into the living room, and there the two took a good look at each other. Carrie, the regal Carrie, stood clad in a blue and white wash shirt waist suit that would not be injured by entry into the kitchen. Above it the old brilliant, eager face, thinner, with hints of lines, and with its interested, searching brown eyes, looked down as of old on Betty Simms in her Paris wrap and her trailing gown. There was a compassion in Betty's eyes that shone forth unknown to her, and Carrie laughed her old gay laugh.

"You paid at least $40 for that love of a hat, Betty," she said, "but perhaps you won't mind taking it off and laying it on my $16.50 bed."

"It's a bird of paradise," said Betty mechanically as she struggled with the hatpins. The dresser silver was the same Carrie had had at school, with no additions. The dresser scarf was only hemstitched scrim, and the bedspread, though dainty, was of a flowered silkoline that Betty knew in her soul had been picked up for a few cents a yard.

Still dazed, she followed her hostess back into the little parlor. In spite of its smallness it looked bare. Not a superfluous article adorned its walls. The mantel boasted a single ornament—a jar of quaint pottery. The books on the table, however, were plentiful. The single small rug on the waxed floor was an oriental. Through the arch the dining room table showed, weathered oak, artistic, but the cheapest of woods.

"Tell me all about yourself, Betty," her hostess was begging.

For an instant Mrs. Lewis Adelbert Simms groped for words. "Why," she laughed, a trifle ruefully, "there isn't anything to tell! I just got married, and life goes on, and there are lots of parties and dinners and things, and I always seem to be in a terrible rush, or else Lewis is, and we never have time for anything!"

"I see," said her hostess, a little quietly, her great eyes taking in the somewhat expressionless face of the other. "Will you excuse me while I put lunch on the table—unless you want to come into the kitchen with me?"

She smiled as if giving an invitation to come into the [illegible], and Betty Simms followed and, sitting on a wooden chair, watched Carrie's deft movement from cupboard to refrigerator and to the stove.

"Why," she said involuntarily, "you act as if you like doing this, Carrie Peabody!"

Carrie paused on her way to the table. "I don't mind," she said. "It's only a means to an end. He wants you to take him, Betty."

Mrs. Simms looked into the face of small Anthony clutching her gown and, lifting him up, was surprised to have him cuddle down contentedly as one used to being held and made much of.

Sub, the woolly dog, followed, and many emotions chased themselves through the head of Mrs. Simms. To her credit, not once did she think of the possible wrinkling and spoiling of her gown. When before in her life had her arms been full of woolly dog and little boy? It was a new sensation.

None of her friends seemed as intimately acquainted with their own children as Carrie was with hers. Never before at luncheon had Mrs. Simms so much as seen a child, let alone touched one. Yet somehow Anthony did not seem out of place here nor in the way. He seemed part of the household and to take his place naturally.

It was a very simple luncheon, though a dainty one, and it tasted amazingly good to the visitor, who was rather silent. She was trying to reconcile the cheerful face of Carrie Peabody with the account Carrie was giving of her life.

"It has been hard on Tom," she was saying. "The company he was with when we married failed, and that ended putting his invention through. And when he did get another place typhoid took him, you know, and it was months—well, we got through somehow. I had a few hundreds of my own saved for some emergency, and I concluded the emergency had arrived. And things have kept coming up—Tom's brother's trouble and then this small boy of ours, and with it all we've been, as I wrote you, Betty, poor—very poor."

"But," said the woman, listening, struggling to adjust the facts before her, "but you seem so happy, Carrie!" There was a hint of envy in her tone.

"Why shouldn't I be?" asked the woman in the blue wash gown, Anthony on her knee. "Some time it will be better, when Tom gets a firm hold on things. And I have him and Anthony, and we all care truly about each other, and because we aren't rich enough to go outside to find distraction and amusement we've learned to depend on each other, and we're very contented doing it, Betty. We're very happy in this little cheap flat. Why, I suppose we're just as happy as you and Lewis, with all your money and what it brings into your lives."

Across the face of the listening woman there was a faraway expression that was tinged with a little bitterness. It was as if she were looking into her past and seeing many things.

"Carrie," she spoke suddenly, enviously, "I'd give all it has brought me and ever bids fair to bring me for one minute of the perfect companionship poverty has brought you and Tom. And for Anthony—yes, and for the woolly dog that loves you all."

"I'm sorry about the stairs," Carrie told her guest as she watched her depart a little later to the purring automobile below.

"Oh," said Betty, "I never thought of them! I—I'm thinking about something else. Stairs really don't matter much, after all."

And the curve of the descent swallowed up the bird of paradise as Mrs. Lewis Adelbert Simms went back with a strange reluctance to the world of elevators and unlimited credit.

Dictionary Readers.

That the natives of Nigeria are capable of advanced forms of education is apparently proved by this little incident told by Constance Larymore in "A Resident's Wife In Nigeria:"

"My husband told me that in the course of the patrol they passed through a valley where the inhabitants of the rocks and hills above apparently made their homes in holes and caves. One member of the party idly asked what was the scientific name for cave dwellers, the word having slipped his memory for the moment. No one appeared to be able to supply the word. But then the native interpreter, plodding along behind, came up, saying: 'Pardon me, sir. Don't you mean troglodytes?'

"The Englishman, amazed, asked where he had ever heard such a word, and 'George' replied placidly, 'I was reading a dictionary one day and saw it.'

"I cannot imagine myself reading a German or Italian dictionary for pleasure and storing in my mind for future use conversationally a specially unusual scientific term. I only wish I could!"

Like Mistress, Like Maid.

"Have you ever noticed," asked the society woman, "that a lady's maid always acquires the same voice, over the telephone at least, that her mistress has? I don't know whether it is unconscious or deliberate, but I have noticed for a long time that whenever I ring up a friend I am answered by what I think is her own voice, but when I venture to say, 'Oh, good morning, Gertrude,' behold it isn't Gertrude at all, nor Grace, nor Beatrice, but her very courteous maid. If, on the other hand, I say, 'I should like to speak to Miss Millicens,' then it proves to be my dearest friend, who is, of course, chilly because I have mistaken her melodious voice for that of the maid.

"Yes, they even change their voices with a change of mistresses. No, I don't know how they do it. I suppose it is the habit of being [illegible] adaptable. I should think [illegible] could even graduate on to the stage and do character work."—New York Press.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Halsey Tuthill of Southold, N. Y., who is ninety years [illegible], [illegible].

Mrs. Mida [illegible] Astor [illegible] a quilt in which she has embroidered sixteen portraits of Lincoln.

Miss Louise Golder, [illegible] of the Deaconesses' Mother House of German Methodism in this country, has under her guidance seventy-two deaconesses.

Mrs. Barrie, the wife of the author, is said to own and drive three automobiles. She takes her husband on long tours through the country, but always manages the machine herself.

With more than 10,000 trout, pickerel, bass, dace, perch, pout and eels to her credit as an angler, Mrs. Maracy Strong, fifty-one years old, lays claim to being the champion fisherwoman of New England.

Lady Diana Manners, the pretty daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who has just made her debut, has so pleasantly impressed those with whom she has come in contact that she has earned the name "Lady Perfect Manners."

Few people know that prior to her marriage Mrs. Andrew Carnegie was an ardent worker among the poor and has continued her work, though in a more restricted fashion. She was Miss Louise Whitfield and is many years the junior of Mr. Carnegie.

Short Stories.

More than 1,500 Indians are regular employees in the government service.

Richard Strauss, composer, says that Verdi's "Falstaff" is the greatest masterpiece of modern Italian music.

A hammer weighing 120 tons at the Bethlehem Steel company's works, in Pennsylvania, is the largest in the world.

A new rifle, using the force of the recoil to eject the empty shells and reload the chambers, may be fired five times in a second and a half.

The patent rights covering the manufacture of aluminium have expired and now the industry is an open one to any one who wants to embark in it.

In the 117 years since 1792, when Thomas Pinckney represented the United States at the court of St. James, there have been only thirty-two American ministers or ambassadors to Great Britain.

The Royal Box.

The kaiser's salary is fixed by law at 15,719,296 marks, or nearly $4,000,000.

The Turkish sultan possesses a solid gold throne, studded with no less than 10,000 pearls as big as filberts.

Prince Henry XXXII. of Reuss has passed his examination at the Commercial academy at Cologne for a diploma as a qualified merchant. He is the first royal prince in Germany who has trained himself for a commercial career.

Nicholas II., who ascended the throne as czar of Russia fifteen years ago and married a granddaughter of Queen Victoria a month later, is forty-one years old. In compliment to him the peace conference which he called at The Hague opened on his birthday anniversary ten years ago.

English Etchings.

In England births outnumber deaths by 5 to 3.

A man in London was recently fined 17 shillings for breaking a window thirteen months ago.

Cardboard coins and scales have been introduced in London schools for use in arithmetic lessons.

The area outside the Mansion House, London, is a busy spot, an average of thirty-seven vehicles per minute passing there during the daytime.

The wide space which the recent alterations open in front of Sandringham House is, in accordance with Queen Alexandra's wishes, being converted into a beautiful flower garden, which is being laid out after her majesty's own designs.

Home Helps.

The easiest way to clean carved picture frames is to use a small paint brush.

A porcelain tub or sink may be thoroughly cleansed with a flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine.

A heavy broom lasts longest, but a light one is best for easy work, and with care a light broom will last almost as long as a more expensive one.

A good silence cloth for the dining table can be made with a double thickness of white flannel laid with the soft side on the inside and quilted on the machine. Edge with a binding of white tape.

Animal Oddities.

Giraffes, porcupines and armadillos are entirely voiceless.

The ancestor of the fox was an animal clothed with horny scales.

When hit by a bullet a tiger roars until dead, while a tigress dies silently.

The white rhinoceros really is of a yellowish color, not so much lighter than its commoner relatives.

State Lines.

Maryland produces over 1,000,000 pounds of honey a year.

New York state now has forty-seven cities. The latest addition to the list is Lackawanna, in Erie county.

Wisconsin's average corn production increased from twenty-[illegible] bushels [illegible] acre in 1901 to over forty-one bushels in 1908.

THE GIRL WHO DARED

A Wild Ride and What Happened to the Culprit.

By AMELIE DELANCEY.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

For six months the Widow Penrose had been planning an addition to her country residence, but absence and a rush of orders had prevented her nephew, Gordon Gordon, from running down and taking the work in hand.

Finally he appeared in his auto, driven by himself, and the machine was left at the gate. It had rested there less than half an hour when along came three young ladies with fish poles on their shoulders and one poor little fish to show that they had not visited the lake in vain that forenoon.

The sight of an auto was more familiar to them than that of a carriage. They were residents of the city and friends at home and were summering at good Aunt Mary's boarding house, a quarter of a mile away.

"An auto!" they cried in chorus as they came to a halt.

"And the owner is in the house!"

"And we can take a ride without his knowing it!"

"Yes, but none of us can run it."

"Girls," said Miss Dorothy Flint, with whom this story has mostly to do, "I have ridden in autos so many times that I believe I could run one. Yes, I know I could. It's just like steering a boat after you get started. I believe you turn the crank in front first. That ignites the spark or something. Then, after you get in, you pull this lever back, and away she goes. I think the auto belongs to a doctor. Doctors are always good hearted, and I'm sure this one won't begrudge us a little spin. Get in!"

But the command was in vain. They hadn't confidence in her experience and skill as a chauffeur. If she could run an auto, why not drive the machine to the lake and back? She hesitated and was jeered at. She made as if to turn away and was "dared."

Perhaps Miss Dorothy's grandfather was one of those who fell at Lexington or lay wounded on the field of Bunker Hill. At any rate, the "dare" had hardly been dared when she was at the crank, and as soon as the whizzing noise came to prove that the dead machine had come to life she climbed in and gave it a start.

She went off with a whew and had not covered a hundred feet when she wished she had not gone at all. But it was too late. There were a dozen "Oh, mys!" behind her, and she forgot everything but holding the wheel with a grip of death.

If she had ever heard that an auto could be stopped she forgot it now. It was a hard, wide road, and she was out of sight in three minutes.

The other two girls stood there with mouths and eyes wide open and feeling helpless even to scream out when a young man came down from the house, raised his hat, looked around and inquired somewhat anxiously:

"Have you seen a stray auto round here?"

"It's run away," answered one after a moment.

"With a g-girl," added the other as the tears came to her eyes.

"What! Do you mean that some girl is driving my auto up or down the highway without my permission?"

"Y-yes!"

"And who is she, may I inquire?"

"A Miss Flint."

"Well, Miss Flint has nerve. Is she used to driving autos?"

"We—we guess so, but she seemed scared when she started off. Won't you run after her, sir? You see, we dared her to."

"And she wouldn't take a dare? Well, there's a $4,000 auto gone to wreck and a girl lying somewhere beside the road—with a broken neck. Run after her! Why, she may be fifteen miles away by this time! How could she be so foolish!"

"But if she is d-dead, sir, some one must bring home her—her mangled remains!" said one of the girls as both broke down and wept.

"Well, I believe there's a saddle horse in the stable, and I'll set out in pursuit. Young ladies, let this be a solemn warning to you—very solemn."

He was a young man of two or three and twenty and did not look a bit like a doctor. Besides, he was not a stranger to the house from which he had emerged. He tried to look very dignified and serious as he uttered his warning, but it was a failure. Any young man of that age would have made a failure of it.

Even though the girls were tearful and anxious as they walked along home they agreed titteringly that he didn't look a bit solemn.

He brought out the horse as soon as possible and galloped away, but at the lake the highway forked. There were three diverging roads, and he must and did take his chance of hitting the right one. He had galloped down the left hand one for three miles before a farmer replied to his hail:

"No; haven't seen no gal scootin' by here in an auto at fifty miles an hour. If I had I should have flung a rock after her. Beats all how different the gals of this age are from those of forty years ago. Why, when my wife was a gal"—

But the pursuer waited to hear no more. He returned to the lake and, finding the right hand road a little better than the middle one, took it and galloped ahead. When he had gone a distance of two miles he drew rein to speak to a farmer's wife weeding a flower bed in the front yard.

"A gal and an auto, eh?" she queried. "No; I don't think I've seen 'em. Might have seen 'em, but if so it has slipped my mind. What was the color of the gal's hair?"

"But you have either seen them or not," exclaimed the young man petulantly.

"That's so—that's so. Wall, I guess they took the other road. That is, they did if they didn't take to the fields. Think it's goin' to rain this week?"

By the time young Gordon had returned to the lake his horse was in a lather, and he decided to go back to his aunt's in the hope that the auto might also have returned. His hope was vain. The horse was leg weary, and the rider entered the house and called up a farmer on the middle road four miles away.

"A gal and an auto?" repeated the man at the other end of the line. "You bet your boots I've seen 'em! Went by here three hours ago like a whirlwind. Struck one of my hogs lyin' in the road and knocked him a hundred feet. Whew, but that old machine was glidin' some!"

"And the girl herself—did she seem frightened?"

"Scared most to death, I guess. Her eyes seemed to be startin' out, and maybe she was prayin'. She was keepin' the machine in the middle of the road, however. If she lives to get to the Red bridge she'll be stopped there by the constable. He's stationed there to look for speeders."

The girl who "dared" lived to reach the bridge. It was an act of Providence. From the moment the auto got its speed, which was thirty miles an hour, she was dumb, frozen and helpless to do anything but hold the wheel. She saw nothing but the white road ahead of her. She passed vehicles and everything else, but she was scarcely conscious of it. As she approached the bridge the strain was too much, and her fingers unclenched from the wheel, and the auto dashed itself through the roadside fence and came to a standstill in a field. Then Miss Flint fainted away.

When she came to her senses the constable was sprinkling water in her face and saying:

"Come, now, none of your tricks with me. You are just playing possum because I have caught you. It's a case for Squire Johnson, and I shouldn't wonder if you got jail for it."

"What, what are you going to do?" asked the girl as she staggered to her feet.

"Put you in the village lockup and notify the squire, of course. Take my arm and come along. The machine is pretty well busted, and we can't use it. Wonder it didn't blow up and send you sky high. Were you eloping or something of that kind?"

"I—I was just taking a ride," was the humble answer.

"Just making the dirt fly thirty feet high and scaring folks and horses half to death. Well, the squire will be tickled to see you. He's been aching for the last week to get hold of a speeder and give him a good dose of county jail. How dare you take the chances—how dare you?"

"Would you take a dare from two girls?" asked the prisoner as she released her arm and faced him.

"No-o-o, I guess not."

"Well, I wouldn't, and so there! If they want to send me to jail let 'em do it!"

She was taken to the office of the village justice of the peace and arraigned. On the way there the constable's heart melted. He saw that she had had a bad scare, and he liked her defiant spirit. Therefore, while he had to make complaint against her, he did not put the speed at thirty miles an hour. To this he added the statement that if the auto hadn't struck a stone in the road it would not have struck the fence.

Then he turned and winked at the wondering, shivering girl to put heart in her.

It may have been one of his honor's soft days. He delivered a lecture on the rise and fall of the Roman empire or some other equally interesting subject and concluded by suspending sentence. Then the constable invited the ex-prisoner home with him to dinner and set about arranging to send her back to her friends.

Evening had come, and she was about ready to start when Gordon came galloping up. When he had introduced himself as the owner of the smashed auto he asked grimly:

"And who is to pay the $500 damages? And who is to pay for my trouble? Why, if the justice had known all the circumstances he'd have sent you to jail for a year!"

"But the other girls dared me to do it!" protested the culprit, with trembling lip.

"Say, young man," said the constable as he drew Gordon aside, "you just get even by daring the gal to marry you. She ain't the kind that takes a dare. See? You can drive her back in the buggy, and you just keep daring her all the way. Lord, but I wish I was in your shoes!"

It was a fine moonlight ride. It was not too fast. The situation was a little strained at first, but after awhile the farmers heard laughter as the buggy passed.

Perhaps there was one dare, perhaps a dozen. The society paper which announced the engagement a few months later didn't specify. Society papers don't always go into minute particulars.

Her Preference.

"I—aw want to give you—aw—a little pwesent on youah birthday, doncher know," said young DeSappie. "Would you—aw—pwefer something aw [illegible] sible?"

"Oh, my! no!" answered Miss [illegible] pleted [illegible] characteristic of the people who [illegible] them to me."—Chicago News.

Official Directory

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport
Prothonotary—B. F. Sturdy, Smethport
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—R. H. Arist, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, president; F. H. Bover, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Dunning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—[illegible]
[illegible]
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first evening of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WARD HEDRICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. [illegible], Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at [illegible] in the Odd Fellows Hall.
[illegible], Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't
MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

[illegible] Smethport Tent, No. [illegible], meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. R. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
[illegible]
BELLE [illegible], R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
MRS. E. A. [illegible]
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 15, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible], Pres.
JESSIE [illegible], Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
M. S. [illegible], S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at [illegible]; Junior League at [illegible] p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE

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The SECOND EDITION

By GEIK TURNER

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"How are things going?" asked the city editor, as he came in at six o'clock last evening?

"Rank," replied his assistant; "no end of cranks. This room's been a regular gibbering lunatic asylum all the afternoon. First, one fellow came in with an electric fly-killer, and then another with a bicycle sidewalk cleaner—sort of a snow sweeper—and another had a patent compressed food pill, and there were several hundred men with communications to the editor. I'm all wasted away standing them off. That epileptic patient was up again, too, threatening to have a fit on our nice clean floor if we didn't put in a correction for him. He's the worst of the lot; he's a cuckoo, he is."

"What does he want now?" queried the chief. "He's had one, him."

"That's what I told him. I said he'd been arrested for stealing, and we'd published the fact, and that when the police released him, we published that too; what else did he want? But he seemed to expect us to pledge ourselves to the dear public that he was innocent. Then I told him we hadn't said he was guilty in the first place, and in the second place, the police thought he was guilty, only they couldn't quite prove it. Anyway, we couldn't be expected to get out a 14-page paper every day vindicating him! Oh, we got quite heated up over it; had a regular joint debate on his previous record. I rather thought he'd be here when you came in, but by and by I tired him out, I guess, and he left. He wanted to know if the office was open this evening. I told him yes, it was, till four o'clock to-morrow morning. Considering we were a morning paper, we generally had to keep open nights."

It was 3:56 a. m. and the telegraph editor was cursing the newspaper business for the one hundred and eleventh time during the night. All of it was bad enough, he assured himself, but it was ghastly human sacrifice to compel a man to spend a large fraction of his life waiting two hours every morning, after "good-night" had come over the telegraph wire, to prevent a scoop on an impossible piece of telephone news.

He rattled the waste copy and newspapers before him off on the floor in an indiscriminate and wholesale attempt to clear up for the next day. The yellow glow from his electric lamp, hemmed in by its green paper shade, shone down across his face, and made his desk a little island of golden light in the big black news room. The monotonous ticking of the old office clock filled the empty place with its exaggerated noise. Outside he heard the groups of compositors, as they were discharged, go laughing and clattering down the stairway until their noise died away in the lower stories and disappeared into the street.

After a little silence there was another step that he couldn't account for—a peculiar shambling step, evidently directed upstairs. Probably, he thought, it was the janitor, or one of the compositors who had forgotten something and was coming back—only it didn't seem like the janitor's walk—and the compositors seldom took that kind of gait when they were hurrying back.

The strange step passed directly by the composing-room and into the editorial hall, and the big glass door slammed after it. It wavered and stopped at the local room, and then, after a moment continued down the corridor, hesitating from time to time as its owner shook violently at the doors of the editorial writers' rooms. And then at last it passed on by degrees, until it stopped definitely at the threshold of the news room.

"Where's the editor?" asked a voice from outer darkness.

"I'm one of the editors," said the telegraph man, looking up.

"You ain't the one I saw," said the voice suspiciously. "Tall, fat fellow with a big mustache; what do you call him?"

"Oh, he's the city editor," said the telegraph man.

"Yes, that's it; where's he?"

"Gone."

"Gone!"

The stranger had come up into the penumbra around the electric light. He was a tall, thin man, in a slouch hat and a pale brown overcoat. In one hand he carried a slip of paper, and in the other something metallic, apparently, that looked like a bunch of gas pipe. He was a peculiar looking man. His face was long and white, and his hands were painfully bony, and his eyes certainly did look queer. He had the air of a person who wanted something very badly, and had made up his mind to have it very soon. The telegraph man sized him up for a crank.

"Yes," said that functionary, "he's been gone for two or three hours." He began to get up and reached out for the lamp, hoping to shut off debate simultaneously with the light.

"Hold on," said the stranger, with the air of one having authority. The telegraph editor was a little man, whose best stock in trade in a heated argument was always discretion—and the stranger loomed up indefinitely above him. After a second's hesitation, the editor decided to reason with him.

"What do you want to have done?" he said.

"I've got a correction here you've got to make," said the stranger.

"Oh, I can't do that sort of thing," said the telegraph man, cheerfully, "you'll have to see the city editor. Come around this afternoon about two o'clock."

He reached up his hand again to the electric light.

"You sit down," said the stranger, with a tone of frank determination. At the same time he brought his right hand up into the light with the bunch of gas pipe. It was a revolver, with a bore like a small tunnel. He pressed the muzzle up against one eyebrow of the telegraph man, who stared wildly down along the barrel and saw the conical bullets peeping out of their holes in the cylinder, like the heads of nasty little animals peering out of their burrows. He sat down hurriedly.

The old office clock ticked loud and apprehensively. Outside in the hall, the foreman of the composing-room and his assistant closed the rear of the procession of compositors and left the telegraph man alone on the floor, with his visitor. The silence was very impressive.

"I ain't comin' up here again," the stranger said finally. "I've come often enough already. I've been thinking this thing over all night long, and now I'm goin' to have it in the paper to-morrow, and it's goin' to be in [illegible] this time. I've written it out myself. Here, you read that; that's what I want."

He let down his revolver with his right hand and brought up the piece of paper in his left. It was a dirty sheet, torn out of a blank book, and [illegible] covered with coarse writing in a lead pencil, and blurred and dirty with erasures.

The telegraph man lapped off his lips a couple of times and began to scan the paper, obediently. This is what he read:

"The hellhounds of the law say that Mr. Abel Hoffenheimer is a thief. They lie. He ain't a thief, and they know it. But still they hold him, and they throw him into loathsome cells, and persecute him always with their deadly hate. They have their reasons for doing what they do. There is a conspiracy against him—a blood-red, stony-hearted, hellfired conspiracy. We know what it is and who made it, and they would hound him to his death if they only could. But let them beware. We know what, but we ain't saying. Only this much. Their time will come. As for us not wanting to do him no injury, we go down on our knees and we lap the dust before him and eat all the words we have wrote about him."

"That's it," said the stranger appreciatively, when the telegraph man had quivered through this text. "Now what do you call your head man—the boss of the place, I mean?"

"Managing editor," responded his victim meekly.

"What's his name?" queried the stranger.

"Mr. Penfield."

"Well, you write at the end of that 'signed,' and then you put down his name."

So the telegraph man wrote down at the bottom, "Signed, Erastus J. Penfield, managing editor."

"Now that's the way you're goin' to put it in," said the stranger.

"But I can't put it in to-morrow; all the compositors have gone home," said the telegraph man plaintively.

This statement had an unpleasant effect on the stranger; it excited him.

"You're an editor, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yes, that is—yes, I suppose I am."

"Well, an editor can get an item into the paper, can't he?" continued the stranger, with convincing logic.

"Yes," said the telegraph man, "but he can't print them; the compositors do that, you know."

The stranger didn't know about that; all he knew was that the correction was going in, and if there wasn't anybody else to do it, the telegraph man would have to do it himself.

"But I can't print. I'd like to, first rate," said the telegraph man pathetically, "but I can't. I never printed anything in my life."

But the stranger was obdurate; he said the editor would have to learn, because that correction was going in.

"This paper didn't treat me right; no, it didn't," he went on; "it said I stole."

The memory of his wrongs made him rather maudlin for a minute. The telegraph man didn't like to see him maudlin, because it made him wave his gun about in such a careless, irresponsible way. But the stranger was not long in mastering his emotions.

"You see that," he said, shoving the tunnel of the revolver into the telegraph man's face again.

The telegraph man confessed that he saw it.

"If I let that off into you, you darned little runt," the stranger continued, "there wouldn't be anything left of you but a rim. Now it's either one thing or the other; either I get that correction or I feed you what's in there. I'm goin' to have that item corrected if I have to wipe out everybody in this concern, one after another. And I'd just as soon begin with you as anybody. Now, are you goin' to give me that correction, or ain't you?"

"I'll try," murmured the telegraph man.

So they formed in single file and marched out through the crooked hall into the composing-room, without further remarks. The telegraph man, who went ahead, felt the cold wind blowing out of that revolver on the back of his neck every step, and he wasn't in the mood for frivolous conversation. The only remark made by the stranger was to the effect that he was damned if he didn't believe he'd shoot him anyway; which the telegraph man was prayerfully pleased to consider a selfish and unprofitable jest.

The procession passed into the stale tobacco smoke of the jet-black and deserted composing-room, and halted while the telegraph man turned on the electric light. It then passed on again to the speaking-tube to the pressroom, where the telegraph man carefully explained that he was free from guile in calling up the people downstairs, because the press always had to be stopped when a correction was made. The stranger said nothing, but poked the end of the tunnel into the cerebellum of the telegraph man with great eloquence. Then the telegraph man rang the electric bell.

"Hello," he said to the head stereotyper, "you'll have to have them stop the press and put on another page."

It was 4:15 o'clock. The language of the head stereotyper was unparliamentary in the extreme. What was the use, he argued, at this time of morning.

"It's a correction. I've just got to make it," said the telegraph editor, feeling the ring of the revolver barrel crowded into the back of his head. "I really I've got to. It's very important."

The head stereotyper appreciated the necessity of a very important correction, though his tone of voice didn't indicate it.

"Well, get a gait on you," he said, among other things, "it'll only be in locally, anyway!"

Downstairs the rattling of the big press diminished and stopped.

The procession in the composing-room formed again and marched to the switch that turned on the current to the dynamo, and the gearing of the type-setting machines started up. The performance occupied some time for the telegraph man, but at last it was done.

Then the procession formed again and went over and took a proof on the proof machine. It wasn't a very artistic piece of printing that appeared, but, as the telegraph man reminded his chief pro tem, it was his first attempt and you couldn't expect too much. His chief finally passed it. But he was particular about its position.

"I want that where everybody's goin' to see it," he said. "Now, where's the place your boss puts what he writes?"

The telegraph man murmured it was the editorial page, and the stranger said that was what he wanted.

So the editorial form was hauled out, and the correction went in at the head of the first column in double leads. The telegraph man jabbed out a small editorial on the foreign question to make a place for it, hammered down the page as level as he could, screwed it up and sent it down the form elevator.

When they heard the press starting up again, the telegraph man explained that the correction was made.

But the stranger intimated that he did his business in a more thorough manner.

"When do I see the paper?" he asked.

"Why, if you want to, you can see it right now. Just let me go down after it. I'd be very glad to get it for you," said the telegraph man, starting for the stairway immediately, in his anxious effort to oblige.

"Oh, no you don't," said the stranger.

The telegraph man didn't.

"Ain't there any other way to get that paper up here?" asked the former, with a meaning flourish of his revolver.

"Yes—there is. They can [illegible] up to the news room, I guess," admitted the editor.

This idea being satisfactory, an adjournment was made to the news room and the paper was called for down the speaking-tube. It came up immediately, fresh and warm from the press.

"Supposing," said the telegraph man to himself, with horror, "that correction doesn't satisfy him now."

But, fortunately, the contributor was very much satisfied with his appearance in print. He read it over himself first, and then invited the telegraph man to read it aloud in order that he might get the general effect. The telegraph man's elocution wasn't very artistic; in fact, he found some difficulty in reading at all; but apparently it delighted the stranger, for he encored continually. Indeed, the telegraph man had floundered through this bit of unique journalism a dozen times, and could hardly wag his tongue, when his guest was finally satiated.

"Well, I guess that'll do," he said at last. Then, having instructed the telegraph man that he needn't venture out of the news room before seven a. m., unless he were anxious to be filled full of holes, he left with a final dramatic flourish of the revolver.

The last the telegraph man saw of him he was striding majestically out of the news room door, waving his paper in one hand and his gun in the other, with the proud air of a man whose mission in life was accomplished.

What the telegraph man said when he was found by the janitor late that morning will never be put into print.

And the managing editor, when he opened his paper at the breakfast table—well, what do you think the managing editor said?

A Change of View

By ELOISE MONTGOMERY

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The hooks creaked distressingly as the hammock was viciously swung to and fro. Kathleen was distinctly in a bad humor. Here she was at the house party, with every one looking askance at her because Archie Hagood had suddenly left early that morning. It was after one now, and soon her hostess and the other guests would be coming in to lunch. Already a tinge of disapprobation could be felt in the atmosphere, and she, too, resented his leaving. It was inconsiderate—he might have known that she would be the odd girl lost in this desert of selfish couples either engaged or about to be. So she was moping on the broad south porch when the two small sons of her hostess passed, intent on a fishing expedition.

With a sudden determination she sprang up. "Oh Norris, let me go with you!"

"Fishin'?"

"Why, yes."

"But we are going three miles, ain't we, Fred?"

The other solemnly nodded.

"But I just love to walk," persisted Kathleen.

"And you haven't had lunch, and we're in a hurry."

"Who cares for lunch? I don't. We will get up a good appetite for dinner. So just wait a minute and I will be with you."

The boys, having submitted to the inevitable, they started out together. Arriving at the creek, Kathleen ensconced herself at the foot of an old oak and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the long spring afternoon. After a while she grew lonely and wished for real companionship. In all the 23 years of her life her heart, she was sure, had remained untouched. Would she ever love? Several men had sworn allegiance to her. There was Archie, who had made no secret of his adoration, and for two years had been her shadow. Until last night he would not take "no" for an answer, but now at last she felt well rid of him. Her reverie was interrupted by the boys:

"Oh Miss Kathleen, the fish won't bite, so we're going to East Lake. That won't be too far for you, will it?"

"No, but I think I will return home now and let you two go—no, no, you need not come with me. I remember the way perfectly; go, quickly, and good luck."

"You just follow the creek till you reach the road and then you will be all right," called Fred as he reluctantly followed Norris in another direction.

Relieved to be entirely alone, Kathleen walked slowly through the warm spring sunlight, while every step brought fresh enjoyment from the sweet scented earth. After going a long way she observed a very high board fence surmounted by several strands of barbed wire. A little farther on were large gates and, just within, a queer looking little house. She wearily wondered what it was and passed through the gate, seeking to be put upon the right path home.

Within the house two men were talking when they were interrupted by a tired voice:

"Pardon me, but I fear I have lost my way. Can you tell me where I am?"

The man nearest stared at her, removed his hat, and said: "This is the reservation for the new Woodlawn cemetery and the road takes you to the village where you can get a car to the city."

"But I do not want to go to the village or to the city. I am staying with Mrs. Victor Vance. Can you direct me to her house?"

The other man then came promptly forward. "I am George Devlin, Mrs. Vance's brother, and am on my way there now if you—"

"Oh, I'm so glad. I've known you a long time, so. You are ready, let's go at once," interrupted Kathleen.

"Can't we get a rig?" asked Devlin, turning to the other man. "You look tired," turning to the girl, "and it's three miles to my sister's by the road."

"No, there ain't any team about here," said the man.

Kathleen's spirits visibly drooped at this news. But the sexton gave them some help by suggesting a short cut through the cemetery, which would save them about a mile. He warned them that they must be at the other gate by six o'clock, the closing hour.

Kathleen was not so weary now, and each step seemed to revive her natural cheerfulness. Devlin was trying to think where he had met her, for her face was strikingly familiar.

"How serious you are. Some weighty problem must be pressing heavily upon you," began Kathleen, her own talkative self again.

"I fear you will think me ungallant, but I was wondering where I had met you."

"You never met me at all," with a merry laugh.

"But you said you had known me a long time," he urged.

"So I have; but I never saw you until to-day."

"The plot thickens; may I ask how you have known me?"

"Through my friend Marjorie Manning," she replied, watching him keenly.

He seemed unaware of her scrutiny. "So you know Marjorie. You must be one of her college friends, but which one?"

"Kathleen Fielding."

"Then I know you, too," he exclaimed, "both through my sister and Miss Manning."

They were now well into the uncleared part of the cemetery which just here was more like a glade in the woods. He helped her break off great bunches of the azalea, thinking all the while how, like this pretty wild flower, Miss Fielding was with her pink cheeks and fair hair. Her golden brown eyes were aglow with delight in her fragrant burden, and she appeared as happy as a child who had recovered a long lost toy.

"They are the first I've had in so long," she said, "and I used to love them so when I was little. I would play like these bells were ladies. But," after somewhat of a pause, "I suppose you had a little playmate, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes. I played with her, carried her books, and waited on her at all times."

"And she tyrannized over you of course," Kathleen supplemented, gayly.

"No," he smiled, "she was too gentle for that. She just had a way with her even then of ruling with gentleness."

"Even then—you must know her yet?"

"Well, slightly."

"I do believe that I am about to stumble upon a second version of 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine,'" she said gayly.

"No indeed," he replied, "such things only happen in a long while. In reality I think it is, 'Whom first we love, we seldom wed,' and after all, I think it's best, for one's ideals change as one grows older and—"

"Look, the gate's closed," cried Kathleen.

Devlin hastily consulted his watch. "But it is eight minutes before six—I don't understand it."

"Perhaps the keeper is still near. Suppose you call," suggested Kathleen.

Devlin shouted with all his might, but to no avail. He then tried to break off some of the planks by throwing himself against them, but failure was the result.

"I must try again," he said cheerfully; "your friends will be getting uneasy about you, will they not?"

"I suppose so," hesitatingly, as the thought came that after all she was not so eager to return where every one was against her and for the popular Archie, whom her friends had decided was the very man for her. She might have liked him if the others had not tried so hard to make it come to pass. And now she was glad, since she had met Devlin. Then she suddenly blushed with shame as she realized what a fancy she was harboring for this man who was almost a stranger.

"I can climb that big tree, get out on that large branch and drop over the fence," said Devlin, "then I can find some one to open the gate and let you out."

"Let me out! I am going with you."

"Good! But how?" asked Devlin, somewhat puzzled.

"The same way you go."

"An all-round athletic girl," he agreed.

"No, no, don't call me that. It sounds so absurd when I don't look it. Besides, I do those things because I love them, don't you? The woods and the water just call me."

"I see, but few girls understand the call. Most of them follow outdoor sports because it is a fad. Really, though, do you think it quite wise for you to try that tree? You might get dizzy."

"No, I won't, and we'd better hurry before it gets so late."

"Very well. You go first, so I can help you. Just put your foot in my hand and fancy you are mounting a tall horse, and I'll swing you up so you can catch that branch." He was so skillful with his light burden that she went up like a bird and was soon settled on one of the branches.

Devlin scrambled up after her. Cautiously he worked his way out on the overhanging limb to see if it would bear his weight. He was just beyond the fence, ready to swing himself to the ground, when an ominous creak, simultaneous with a scream from Kathleen, proclaimed that the branch was breaking. Before he had time to think he was on the ground, outside the inclosure. It is true, but with his face scratched and for a moment almost stunned. But Kathleen's voice, asking if he was hurt, caused him to arouse himself and sit up. He could just see her over the top of the fence and through the wires. They gazed at each other in dismay. But gradually the ludicrous picture he presented caused Kathleen to smile and then they laughed till the echoes rang.

"I will go for help and will be back in 20 minutes," said Devlin.

When a turn in the path showed him a well kept public road he waved his hat to her and sang in his fresh voice: "Some day I'll take you home, Kathleen." Then he disappeared.

Kathleen felt lonely. But the novelty of the situation kept her amused, and she wondered if it was merely the rarity of their adventure that made her feel so warmly near to this cheery young man. He was big and handsome, too, and his keen blue eyes were full of laughter and light. Could it be that the man whom that morning she had feared might not be in existence for her, had at last put in an appearance? She chided herself for her boldness but could not keep her soul from dreaming. Huddling her feet on the broad branch and leaning against the trunk, she glided into a reverie as elusive as the afterglow which lingered in the western sky. After a while she was startled by the cry of a whip-poor-will. Again she listened, but heard nothing except the sighing trees, which seemed to say: "You are alone, alone." She never before knew such terror.

The familiar face of the rising moon brought her companionship, and when she recovered from her fright the reaction came, and with it hot anger against the man who had left her to be a prey to the terrors of the night. Only last night she and Archie were walking in the moonlight and he had told her of his great love. And how had she answered? She knew that she had caused him to leave that morning. Oh, why had she done it? He would even now be looking for her had she not been so unresponsive. And to think of wasting any regard on Devlin! She felt that to see Archie would be the greatest joy on earth. And how she hated Devlin who was, of course, responsible for all this!

After Devlin turned into the main road he walked hurriedly down the pike hoping to meet some one who could direct him to the home of the sexton. So engrossed was he that he was right upon a small store by the roadside before he saw it. Entering hastily he rather startled the proprietor and his son, the latter mechanically asking if he wished anything.

"Yes, I want some help," said Devlin, and related his story, ending with the query if the boy would show him the way to the sexton's house.

Before he could reply another man came into the store and became an interested spectator. "What's the trouble, Scott?" he asked.

The story was retold and both men laughed immoderately.

A trap driving to the door interrupted them and a clear feminine voice called: "Oh—Mr. Scott—Why Norris, I was just looking for you boys. But where is Kathleen?"

"Isn't she at home?" The young man on the front seat of the trap lost his absent-mindedness and became interested.

"She's in the cemetery," added Devlin's weary voice. The young man on the front seat was visibly startled.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Vance inquired, paling a little, and then: "Oh, George, how did you ever get so scratched up?"

"We must hurry to the cemetery now and talk after. She is inside and probably half dead from fright by this time."

He hastily climbed into the trap telling the old darky to hang on some way. While Devlin was answering his sister's rapidly put questions the young man on the front seat was driving at a reckless speed in his eagerness to save every moment possible. When they arrived at the gate he hardly waited to check the horses before springing out and rushing to the rescue, beating Devlin by several yards. The disheveled little girl huddled against the iron bars cried out, as she felt his sustaining touch, "Oh, Archie, Archie, I knew you would come to me!"

Several hours later, after their adventure had been laughed over and the adventurers properly fed, Devlin was walking in the garden enjoying his pipe in spite of the lame shoulder and the chagrin he felt when he recalled the ending of the afternoon. What a sorry figure he had cut when he rushed to the rescue only to have the distressed lady give all the credit to another man! He could see that at one end of the porch Kathleen was again in possession of her hammock. And near, very near by, was Archie Hagood, the picture of content. But Devlin was far from contented and his thoughts strayed to Marjorie and lingered there. Ashamed of his unfaithfulness to her in the afternoon, very heartily ashamed of his quarrel with her, in which he could now see his unreasonable attitude, he was in spirit at the feet of his old sweetheart. His restless feet carried him to the pansy bed and he recalled his schoolboy name for her, Heartease. He plucked a dark velvety one that was somehow like her eyes in the moonlight, and held it against his cheek as he went toward the house.

Apples That Sell at Thirty Cents Each

Eastern Oregon grows plenty of wheat, but the grain most before people's eyes is the apple. Hood River apples are said to be sold in Paris at 30 cents apiece, to go on the tables of millionaires, diplomats and popular actresses. Fruit lands down in the canon of Snake river are really worth $500 to $600 per acre, and people talk of $1,000 and even $2,000 an acre. The idea seems to be that, if you sell 10,000 bushels of apples at a fancy price, you could dispose of 10,000,000 bushels at the same price. Washington and Montana are already competitors in the fruit business, and it is likely that the fruit growers in the end will find that there is only a limited market for the highest priced fruit. Yet nobody can deny that Oregon apples have a beautiful rosy texture, nor that the complexion of the girls is very similar. This is not the result of eating the apples, for of course they are all exported, since Oregonians cannot afford 30 cents apiece for apples. It would appear that the high quality both of the fruit and of the young ladies' complexions is due to the moist climate.

Going Him One Better.

Yeast—Did you ever see a-bun-dance on the table?

Crimsonbeak—Sure, and I've seen a man with a-bun-dance under the table!

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SIRES AND SONS.

President Finley of the Southern railway began his railroad career as a stenographer.

Secretary of State Knox has three residences—one at Washington, one at Pittsburg and one at Valley Forge.

Alex Tall Chief, an educated Osage Indian and a Carlisle graduate, is compiling a dictionary of the Osage language.

Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, is accredited with the same official relation to Mexico, Cuba and Peru.

President Taft has received the badge and other insignia of the Society of the Cincinnati, to which he was elected last February.

John Marshall Harlan, associate justice of the supreme court, recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, and when attention was called to the fact he replied that he felt "just as spry" as he had felt any time for many years.

Fred D. Countiss, the new president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, is one of the youngest presidents the organization ever had. He is a member of the firm of S. D. Chapin & Co. and began his business career as a messenger in the Merchants' National bank. He is only thirty-seven years old.

A vigorous young man is ex-Chief Judge Charles Andrews of the New York state court of appeals. At his home in Syracuse the venerable jurist recently celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth, starting the day with a long horseback ride in the early morning. Judge Andrews is in excellent health.

Sporting Notes.

Pitcher Bert Keeley, late of Washington, is making a big hit as a pitcher for Omaha in the Western league.

Since 1870 Harvard and Princeton have played eighty-four games of baseball. Each college has won forty-two.

It begins to dawn on New York fans that Roger Bresnahan was a part of the Giants' backbone and stamina in years gone by.

Tommy Leach of the Pittsburg Nationals uses a big, heavy bat for a little fellow. That probably accounts for the distance he drives the ball.

McIntyre, according to Detroit critics, runs bases like an old crabby nowadays. It is understood that Matty's ankle, broken two years ago, is weakening.

Manager Mack of the Philadelphia Americans from personal observation is of the opinion that Hugh Jennings in his prime was the greatest shortstop the game ever produced.

Things Theatrical.

Early in the fall "Little Nemo" is to make a tour of the south.

George Leslie has been engaged by the Aborn Opera company.

Booth Tarkington has written a comedy drama for Otis Skinner.

"The Whirlpool" is to be seen in New York next season, according to present plans.

The London Frohman company playing in "Peter Pan" is to go to Berlin and Vienna.

Charles Frohman will possibly have a theater in Berlin and another in Paris, where he will present plays by English and American authors.

Next season William Gillette will rest on account of his health, and the season after that he will make a farewell tour in a repertory of his famous successes.

Train and Track.

All the tracks of the Illinois Central within the city of Chicago will be electrified and the use of steam locomotives abandoned.

The New York court of appeals has decided that a person does not reserve a seat in a railway coach by placing his baggage in it.

The Maine Central railroad has placed in service on its branches running through forest regions a number of oil burning locomotives.

On the lines of the Great Eastern railway in England a new regulation prohibiting the transportation of blind and infirm persons unless accompanied by attendants has been adopted.

Law Points.

A gas stove and window shades running on rollers attached by the owner to his dwelling house designed for a single family are held in Hook versus Bolton (Mass.), 85 N. E., 175; 17 L. R. A. (N. S.), 699, not to be fixtures which will pass with a mortgage of the realty.

A common carrier is held in Stiles versus Louisville and Nashville Railroad company (Ky.), 110 S. W., 820; 18 L. R. A. (N. S.), 86, to be absolutely liable for the destruction by fire of animals while in its possession for transportation which is not caused by the act of God or the public enemy.

The Cookbook.

The addition of a beaten egg to the mashed potatoes used for potato cakes will be found well worth while.

Before broiling a steak dust it with salt and pepper and rub it with salad oil. This will greatly improve it.

Baked apples with cream are served in many households for a breakfast fruit. They may be baked the day before and heated for morning use.

Oatmeal when thinned to the consistency [illegible] makes a [illegible] put in a hot buttered pan and baked in a very quick oven.

Breakfast Hours.

A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland [illegible] months long, and as he registered asked a question of the clerk.

"What time do you have breakfast?"

"From half past March to a quarter to May."—Harper's Weekly.

She Did So.

"Always," said papa as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak—"always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."

That evening on his return from business he found several of his flower beds despoiled and the tiny imprint of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in the city today? We had a"—

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers, Mabel?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did, but I thought I would change the subject."—London Tit-Bits.

Look After Your Property.

It is a safe rule in this world to look carefully after the details of your own property. Be sure your title deeds are recorded, that your insurance is kept up, that you alone have the key to your strong box in the safety vault. Do not leave your securities with your broker. If he is doing a conservative business he has no need of them. If he isn't you don't want him to handle your property. The wonder is that with all the confidence reposed in financial matters there are so few defalcations. There is no use in making it easy for some one to get your property. In this world it is hard for most persons to acquire anything, and they should be careful to the last degree in seeing that they are fully protected in it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Standing on His Rights.

The next witness was a hard fisted, resolute yeoman with a bristling chin beard.

"Mr. Gipson," said the attorney for the defense, "are you acquainted with the reputation of this man for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lives?"

"I reckon I am," replied the witness.

"I will ask you to state what it is."

"Well, sir, his rep'tation for vrassity—well, that's diff'runt. Some says he does and some says he don't."

"Witness," interposed the judge, "do you know the meaning of 'veracity'?"

"I reckon I do."

"What do you understand by the word?"

The witness twirled his hat in his fingers a few moments without replying. Then he looked up defiantly.

"I refuse to answer that question, judge," he said, "on the ground that it might discriminate me!"—Chicago Tribune.

Regatta In England.

The first regatta in England was in 1775, and it was imported into that country by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had been impressed by the water show of Venice. There was no series of races. There was a procession of city barges to a "temporary octagon," where there was reveling that night and well into the next day. Only seven of the company were drowned on the return journey, which speaks well for the average sobriety of the crowd.—London King.

Underweight.

Brown—That coal dealer of ours got just what was coming to him. Towne—How? Brown—Married a girl the other day, thinking that he was getting 140 pounds and got only 98.—St. Louis Times.

Inquisitive.

"Your husband is of a studious turn of mind, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. Whenever we have hash he isn't satisfied unless he knows everything that is in it."—Detroit Free Press.

His Literary Turn.

"He has a literary turn, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Every editor turns him out of one door when he comes in another."—Atlanta Constitution.

Love!

"Do you love me?" asked the flounder
As he swam the coral shoal,
And the flounderess responded,
"Yes, indeed, with all my sole."
—Philadelphia Record.

Pronounced Frailties.

"My wife gets off a street car backward."

"My wife endorses a check at the wrong end."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Thoughtless Majority.

"Many men, many minds,"
Is a saying all recall.
Yet how often now one finds
Many with no minds at all.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Confiding.

"There goes a man who possesses untold wealth."

"Doesn't take the assessor into his confidence."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If you have pains in the back, weak back, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you and if you send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

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Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address.

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SMETHPORT, PA.,
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RESOURCES.	
Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,413.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	58,514.47
	$888,844.16
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$200,000 00
Surplus	100,000 00
Undivided Profits	31,701.88
Deposits	557,142.78
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